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REVIEWS

Eöthen, or Traces of Travel brought home from the East. Olivier.

A free and easy book with a hard title, signifying "from the early dawn," or "from the East." The author seeks rather to give the statement of his impressions, than a strict account of the places visited; and to estimate things not by their general relative importance, but by the degree in which, whether by disposition or accident, they interested himself. Here, then, we have a companion, not a teacher; and an agreeable fellow-traveller he is; one from whom we shall not hastily or willingly part. The kind of amusement obtainable from this book may be judged of by the following clever scene:—

"In the Ottoman dominions there is scarcely any hereditary influence except that which belongs to the family of the Sultan, and wealth, too, is a highly volatile blessing, not easily transmitted to the descendants of the owner. From these causes it results, that the people standing in the place of nobles and gentry, are official personages, and though many (indeed the greater number) of these potentates are humbly born and bred, you will seldom, I think, find them wanting in that polished smoothness of manner, and those well undulating tones which belong to the best Osmanlees. The truth is, that most of the men in authority have risen from their humble stations by the arts of the courtier, and they preserve in their high estate, those gentle powers of fascination to which they owe their success. Yet unless you can contrive to learn a little of the language, you will be rather bored by your visits of ceremony; the intervention of the interpreter, or Dragoman as he is called, is fatal to the spirit of conversation. I think I should mislead you, if I were to attempt to give the substance of any particular conversation with Orientals. A traveller may write and say that, 'the Pasha of So and So was particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam, and appeared to understand the structure of our machinery—that he remarked upon the gigantic results of our manufacturing industry—showed that he possessed considerable knowledge of our Indian affairs, and of the constitution of the Company, and expressed a lively admiration of the many sterling qualities for which the people of England are distinguished.' But the heap of common-places thus quietly attributed to the Pasha, will have been founded perhaps on some such talking as this:—

"Pasha.—The Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming. "Dragoman (to the Traveller).—The Pasha pays you his compliments.

"Traveller.—Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honour of seeing him.

"Dragoman (to his Pashu).—His Lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scorer of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas—the Pasha of the everlasting Pashalik of Karaghlookoldour.

"Traveller (to his Dragoman).—What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will be taking me for a mere cockney. Have not I told you always to say that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I've not qualified, and that I should have been a Deputy-Lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise, and that I was a candidate for Goldborough at the last election, and that I would have won easy, if my committee had not been bought. I wish to heaven that if you do say anything about me, you'd tell the simple truth.

"Dragoman.—[is silent.]

"Pasha.—What says the friendly Lord of London?

is there aught that I can grant him within the pashalik of Karaghlookoldour?

"Dragoman (growing sulky and literal).—This friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudcombe—this head-purveyor of Goldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire is recounting his achievements, and the number of his titles.

"Pasha.—The end of his honours is more distant than the ends of the Earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of Heaven!

"Dragoman (to the Traveller).—The Pasha congratulates your Excellency.

"Traveller.—About Goldborough? The deuce he does!—but I want to get at his views, in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire; tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a Speech from the throne, pledging England to preserve the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

"Dragoman (to the Pasha).—This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your Highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured for ever and ever, by a speech from the velvet chair.

"Pasha.—Wonderful chair! Wonderful houses!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!—wonderful chair! wonderful houses! wonderful people!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

"Traveller (to the Dragoman).—What does the Pasha mean by that whizzing? he does not mean to say, does he, that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

"Dragoman.—No, your Excellency, but he says the English talk by wheels, and by steam.

"Traveller.—That's an exaggeration; but say that the English really have carried machinery to great perfection; tell the Pasha (he'll be struck with that), that whenever we have any disturbances to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand, to the scene of action, in a few hours.

"Dragoman (recovering his temper and freedom of speech).—His Excellency, this Lord of Mudcombe, observes to your Highness, that whenever the Irish, or the French, or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers, and brigades of artillery, are dropped into a mighty chasm called Euston Square, and in the biting of a cartridge they arise up again in Manchester, or Dublin, or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth.

"Pasha.—I know it—I know all—the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives. The armies of the English ride upon the vapours of boiling cauldrons, and their horses are flaming coals!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! whiz! all by steam!

"Traveller (to his Dragoman).—I wish to have the opinion of an unprejudiced Ottoman gentleman, as to the prospects of our English commerce and manufactures; just ask the Pasha to give me his views on the subject.

"Pasha (after having received the communication of the Dragoman).—The ships of the English swarm like flies; their printed calicos cover the whole earth, and by the side of their swords the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the Ledger-books of the Merchants, whose lumber-rooms are filled with ancient thrones!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

"Dragoman.—The Pasha compliments the cutlery of England, and also the East India Company.

"Traveller.—The Pasha's right about the cutlery, (I tried my scimitar with the common officers' swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the leaf of a novel). Well, (to the Dragoman,) tell the Pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy, but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. These foreigners are always fancying that we have nothing but ships, and railways, and East India Companies; do just tell the Pasha, that our rural districts deserve his attention, and that even within the last two hundred years, there has been an evident

improvement in the culture of the turnip, and if he does not take any interest about that, at all events, you can explain that we have our virtues in the country—that the British yeoman is still, thank God! the British yeoman!—Oh! and by the by, whilst you are about it, you may as well say that we are a truth-telling people, and, like the Osmanlees, are faithful in the performance of our promises.

"Pasha (after hearing the Dragoman).—It is true, it is true:—through all Feringistan the English are foremost, and best; for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of Songs, and the French are the sons of Newspapers, and the Greeks they are weavers of lies, but the English, and the Osmanlees are brothers together in righteousness; for the Osmanlees believe in one only God, and cleave to the Koran, and destroy idols, so do the English worship one God, and abominate graven images, and tell the truth, and believe in a book, and though they drink the juice of the grape, yet to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they are eaters of pork, these are lies,—lies born of Greeks, and nursed by Jews!

"Dragoman.—The Pasha compliments the English.

"Traveller (rising).—Well, I've had enough of this. Tell the Pasha, I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality, and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses, and say that now I must be off.

"Pasha (after hearing the Dragoman, and standing up on his Divan).—Proud are the sires, and blessed are the dams of the horses that shall carry his Excellency to the end of his prosperous journey!—May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city, like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise!—May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him, and the while that his enemies are abroad, may his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers!—farewell!

"Dragoman.—The Pasha wishes your Excellency a peaceful journey.

"So ends the visit."

This extract will show our readers, that we have introduced them to a traveller, who can at least write a fine roman hand, legible, and delightful to read. Nay, he has wit and humour, that shed an illustrative gleam on every object which he describes, placing it in the happiest relief. He is never at a loss for his joke. Both savage and civil come in equally for their share. Thus he tells his correspondent, that—

"It used to be said, that a good man, struggling with adversity, was a spectacle worthy of the gods:—a Tatar attempting to run would have been a sight worthy of you. But put him in his stirrups, and then is the Tatar himself again: there you see him at his ease, reposing in the tranquillity of that true home, (the home of his ancestors,) which the saddle seems to afford him, and drawing from his pipe the calm pleasures of his 'own fireside,' or else dashing sudden over the earth, as though for a moment he were borne by the steed of a Turkman chief, with the plains of central Asia before him. * * * The Surridges are the fellows employed to lead the baggage horses. They are most of them Gipsies. Poor devils! their lot is an unhappy one—they are the last of the human race, and all the sins of their superiors (including the horses) can safely be visited on them. But the wretched look often more picturesque than their betters, and though all the world look down upon these poor Surridges, their tawny skins, and their grisly beards, will gain them honourable standing in the foreground of a landscape. We had a couple of these fellows with us, each leading a baggage horse, to the tail of which last, another baggage horse was attached. There was a world of trouble in persuading the stiff angular portmanteaus of Europe to adapt themselves to their new condition, and sit quietly on pack-saddles, but all was right at last, and it gladdened my eyes to see our little troop file off through the winding lanes of the city, and show down brightly in the plain beneath; the one of our party that seemed to be most out of keeping with the rest of the scene, was Methley's Yorkshire servant, who rode doggedly on his pantry jacket, looking out for 'gen-

tlemen's seats.' * * The first night of your first campaign (though you be but a mere peaceful campaigner) is a glorious time in your life. It is so sweet to find oneself free from the stale civilization of Europe! Oh my dear ally! when first you spread your carpet in the midst of these eastern scenes, do think for a moment of those your fellow creatures that dwell in squares, and streets, and even (for such is the fate of many!) in actual country houses; think of the people that are 'presenting their compliments,' and 'requesting the honour,' and 'much regretting,'—of those that are pinioned at dinner tables, or stuck up in ball-rooms, or cruelly planted in pews—ay, think of these, and so remembering how many poor devils are living in state of utter respectability, you will glory the more in your own delightful escape."

Even the plague at Constantinople presents itself to him in more than one agreeable aspect:

"All the while that I stayed at Constantinople, the Plague was prevailing, but not with any degree of violence; its presence, however, lent a mysterious, and exciting, though not very pleasant interest to my first knowledge of a great Oriental city; it gave tone, and colour to all I saw, and all I felt—a tone, and a colour sombre enough, but true, and well befitting the dreary monuments of past power and splendour. With all that is most truly oriental in its character, the Plague is associated: it dwells with the faithful in the holiest quarters of their city: the coats, and the hats of Pera, are held to be nearly as innocent of infection, as they are ugly in shape, and fashion; but the rich furs, and the costly shawls, the broderied slippers, and the golden-laden saddle-cloths—the fragrance of burning aloes, and the rich aroma of patchouli—these are the signs which mark the familiar home of Plague. You go out from your living London—the centre of the greatest, and strongest amongst all earthly dominions—you go out thence, and travel on to the capital of an Eastern Prince—you find but a waning power, and a faded splendour, that inclines you to laugh, and mock, but let the infernal Angel of Plague be at hand, and he, more mighty than armies—more terrible than Suleyman in his glory, can restore such pomp, and majesty to the weakness of the Imperial walls, that if, when HE is there, you must still go prying amongst the shades of this dead Empire, at least you will tread the path with seemly reverence, and awe. * * And perhaps as you make your difficult way, through a steep, and narrow alley, which winds between blank walls, and it is little frequented by passers, you meet one of those coffin-shaped bundles of white linen which implies an Ottoman lady. Painfully struggling against the obstacles to progression which are interposed by the many folds of her clumsy drapery, by her big mud boots, and especially by her two pairs of slippers, she waddles along full awkwardly enough, but yet there is something of womanly consciousness in the very labour and effort with which she tugs, and lifts the burthen of her charms; she is close followed by her women slaves. Of her very self you see nothing, except the dark, luminous eyes that stare against your face, and the tips of the painted fingers depending like rose-buds from out the blank bastions of the fortress. She turns, and turns again, and carefully glances around her on all sides, to see that she is safe from the eyes of Mussulmans, and then suddenly withdrawing the yashmak, she shines upon your heart and soul with all the pomp and might of her beauty. And this which so dizzies your brain, is not the light, changeable grace, which leaves you to doubt whether you have fallen in love with a body, or only a soul; it is the beauty that dwells secure in the perfectness of hard, downright outlines, and in the glow of generous colour. There is fire, though, too—high courage, and fire enough in the untamed mind, or spirit, or whatever it is, which drives the breath of pride through those scarcely parted lips. You smile at pretty women—you turn pale before the beauty that is great enough to have dominion over you. She sees, and exults in your giddiness; she sees and smiles; then presently, with a sudden movement, she lays her blushing fingers upon your arm, and cries out, 'Younoudjak!' (Plague!) meaning 'there is a present of the Plague for you!'. This is her notion of a witticism: it is a very old piece of fun, no doubt—quite an oriental Joe Miller; but the Turks are fondly attached, not only to the institutions, but also

to the jokes of their ancestors; so, the lady's silvery laugh rings joyously in your ears, and the mirth of her women is hoisterous, and fresh: as though the bright idea of giving the Plague to a Christian had newly lit upon the earth."

Our traveller is very fierce against Hellenic rites and ceremonies, and particularly so against their saint days and fasts:—

"The fasts too, of the Greek Church, produce an ill effect upon the character of the people, for they are carried to such an extent, as to bring about a bona fide mortification of the flesh; the febrile irritation of the frame operating in conjunction with the depression of spirits occasioned by abstinence, will so far answer the objects of the rite, as to engender some religious excitement, but this is of a morbid and gloomy character, and it seems to be certain, that along with the increase of sanctity, there comes a fiercer desire for the perpetration of dark crimes. The number of murders committed during Lent, is greater, I am told, than at any other time of the year. A man under the influence of a bean dietary (for this is the principal food of the Greeks during their fasts,) will be in an apt humour for enriching the Shrine of his Saint, and passing a knife through his next door neighbour. The monies deposited upon the shrines are appropriated by priests; the priests are married men, and have families to provide for; they 'take the good with the bad,' and continue to recommend fasts. Then too, the Greek Church enjoins her followers to keep holy such a vast number of Saints' days, as practically to shorten the lives of the people very materially. I believe that one-third out of the number of days in the year are 'kept holy,' or rather, *kept stupid*, in honour of the Saints; no great portion of the time thus set apart is spent in religious exercises, and the people don't betake themselves to any animating pastimes, which might serve to strengthen the frame, or invigorate the mind, or exalt the taste. On the contrary, the Saints' days of the Greeks in Smyrna, are passed in the same manner as the Sabbaths of well-behaved Protestant housemaids in London—that is to say, in a steady, and serious contemplation of street scenery. The men perform this duty at the doors of their houses,—the women at the windows, which the custom of Greek towns has so decidedly appropriated to them as the proper station of their sex, that a man would be looked upon as utterly effeminate if he ventured to choose that situation for the keeping of the Saints' days. I was present one day at a treaty for the hire of some apartments at Smyrna, which was carried on between Carrigholt, and the Greek woman to whom the rooms belonged. Carrigholt objected that the windows commanded no view of the street; immediately the brow of the majestic matron was clouded, and with all the scorn of a Spartan mother she coolly asked Carrigholt and said, 'Art thou a tender damsel that thou wouldest sit, and gaze from windows?' The man whom she addressed, however, had not gone to Greece with any intention of placing himself under the laws of Lycurgus, and was not to be diverted from his views by a Spartan rebuke, so he took care to find himself windows after his own heart, and there, I believe, for many a month, he kept the Saints' days, and all the days intervening, after the fashion of Grecian women."

To console him, however, *there were* the ladies at the windows, and these in due time compel him to a palinode: see too with what evident *gusto* he portrays the women of Cyprus:—

"The bewitching power attributed at this day to the women of Cyprus, is curious in connexion with the worship of the sweet goddess who called their isle her own; the Cypriote is not, I think, nearly so beautiful in face as the Ionian queens of Izmir, but she is tall, and slightly formed—there is a high-souled meaning and expression—seeming consciousness of gentle empire that speaks in the wavy lines of the shoulder, and winds itself like Cytherea's own cestus around the slender waist—then the richly abounding hair (not enviously gathered together under the head-dress) descends the neck, and passes the waist in sumptuous braids; of all other women with Grecian blood in their veins, the costume is graciously beautiful, but these, the maidens of Limesol—their robes are more gently, more sweetly imagined, and fall like Julia's Cashmere in soft, luxurious

folds. The common voice of the Levant allows that in fact the women of Cyprus are less beautiful than their brilliant sisters of Smyrna, and yet, says the Greek, he may trust himself to one and all of the bright cities of the Aegean, and may yet weigh anchor with a heart entire, but that so surely as he ventures upon the enchanted Isle of Cyprus, so surely will he know the rapture, or the bitterness of love. The charm, they say, owes its power to that which the people call the astonishing 'politics' (*πολιτεία*) of the women, meaning, I fancy, their tact, and their witching ways; the word, however, plainly fails to express one half of that which the speakers would say; I have smiled to hear the Greek, with all his plenteousness of fancy, and all the wealth of his generous language, yet vainly struggling to describe the ineffable spell which the Parisians dispose of in their own smart way, by a summary 'J' ne sais quoi.'

This is followed by an account of Lady Hester Stanhope; as, however, it contains nothing new on an old topic, we pass on to less known, and more attractive metal. We visit "the sanctuary" and could linger there with the writer, but mistrust the vein in which he treats his subject. His satire likewise upon "the monks of the Holy Land," is perhaps somewhat too buoyant, and his account of their ignorance a little exaggerated. As, however, he advises us "not to reason" on it, but to take it as it stands, we think it prudent to obey. Part of it may amuse:—

"Christianity permits, and sanctions the drinking of wine, and of all the holy brethren in Palestine, there are none who hold fast to this gladsome rite so strenuously as the monks of Damascus; not that they are more zealous Christians than the rest of their fellows in the Holy Land, but that they have better wine. Whilst I was at Damascus, I had my quarters at the Franciscan convent there, and very soon after my arrival I asked one of the monks to let me know something of the spots which deserved to be seen; I made my inquiry in reference to the associations with which the city had been hallowed by the sojourn, and adventures of St. Paul. 'There is nothing in all Damascus,' said the good man, 'half so well worth seeing as our cellars,' and forthwith he invited me to go, see, and admire the long ranges of liquid treasure which he and his brethren had laid up for themselves on earth. And these, I soon found, were not as the treasures of the miser that lie in unprofitable disuse, for day by day, and hour by hour, the golden juice ascended from the dark recesses of the cellar, to the uppermost brains of the monks; dear old fellows! in the midst of that solemn land, their christian laughter rang loudly, and merrily—their eyes flashed with unceasing bonfires, and their heavy woollen petticoats could no more weigh down the springiness of their paces, than the nominal gauze of a danseuse can clog her bounding step."

These monks have not always such a pleasant life of it:—

"It was about three months after the time of my leaving Jerusalem, that the plague set his spotted foot on the Holy City. The monks felt great alarm; they did not shrink from their duty, but for its performance they chose a plan most sadly well fitted for bringing down upon them the very death which they were striving to ward off. They imagined themselves almost safe, so long as they remained within their walls; but then it was quite needless that the Catholic Christians of the place, who had always looked to the convent for the supply of their spiritual wants, should receive the aids of religion in the hour of death. A single monk, therefore, was chosen either by lot, or by some other fair appeal to Destiny: being thus singled out, he was to go forth into the plague-stricken city, and to perform with exactness his priestly duties; then he was to return, not to the interior of the Convent, for fear of infecting his brethren, but to a detached building, (which I remember) belonging to the establishment, but at some little distance from the inhabited rooms; he was provided with a bell, and at a certain hour in the morning he was ordered to ring it, if he could; but if no sound was heard at the appointed time, then knew his brethren that he was either delirious, or dead, and another martyr was sent forth to take his place. In

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way twenty-one of the monks were carried off. One cannot well fail to admire the steadiness with which the diurnal scheme was carried through; but if there be any truth in the notion, that disease may be invited by a frightening imagination, it is difficult to conceive a more dangerous plan than that which was chosen by these poor fellows. The anxiety with which they must have expected each day the sound of the bell—the silence that reigned instead of it, and then the drawing of the lots, (the odds against death being one point lower than yesterday) and the going forth of the newly doomed man—all this must have widened the gulf that opens to the shades below; when his victim had already suffered so much of mental torture, it was but easy work for big, bullying Pestilence to follow a forlorn monk from the beds of the dying, and wrench away his life from him, as he lay all alone in an outhouse."

Here, for the present, we must pause.

Essay on the Physiognomy of Serpents. By H. Schlegel. Translated by T. S. Traill, M.D. Edinburgh, Maclehlan & Co.

We learn from the preface that this is only the letter-press to a splendidly illustrated work on serpents, containing four hundred and twenty-one figures, three separate charts, and two tabular views of distribution and affinities. It is only the "low state of ophiology" in this country, that has prevented the translator from republishing the complete work. We are not much surprised at this circumstance; for when it is considered how few reptiles belonging to the family of serpents inhabit the British Isles, what a natural repugnance to the study of their living habits, and the danger that must necessarily attend upon the capture of those which are poisonous, it is not to be wondered at that so little respecting these animals is known.

Beautiful as they are in colour and form, and constituting, undoubtedly, an important link in the animal kingdom, it is difficult to divest the mind of a secret horror when they are suspected to be near, arising from the known venomous character of many of them, and the quietude and wariness of their movements. It is, however, precisely on this account that a book like the present will be acceptable to many readers.

Although the great mass of serpents are readily distinguished at sight by the length of their bodies and the absence of extremities, yet it is not always easy to distinguish them from another order of reptiles—the lizard. The fact is, the two families run one into the other; serpents presenting themselves with short bodies and the commencing development of extremities, and lizards are found with extended bodies and imperfect extremities. The serpents are divided into two great sections; those which are innocuous, and those which are venomous. Although this distinction is accompanied by anatomical differences, they are not readily appreciable, and chiefly depend on the structure of the teeth. There are two hundred and sixty-five species of serpents described; of these fifty-eight are venomous.

The work commences with the account of the osseous system of serpents. The bones of the head and jaws are easily separable one from another, and this to enable them to carry whole into their stomachs whatever prey they seize. The common snake in this country can thus gorge a large frog; but the stories of boa-constrictors swallowing oxen are pure fictions. The teeth are not used for mastication, but for prehension. In the venomous serpents, two of the teeth are tubular, being seated over a gland or bag containing the poison, and which, on being pressed, exudes through the tubes of the teeth, and thus passes into the body of a grasped animal. In some of the species, the ribs indicate development in particular parts of the body, being the commencing existence of upper and lower ex-

tremities. It is by means of the ribs that serpents crawl, each rib in its turn becoming the point of resistance which enables the animal to move on. Most serpents are enabled to ascend trees by twisting themselves round them: they descend by dropping down; but this process never injures them, on account of the elasticity of their ribs and their want of any high amount of development of the nervous system. They seize their prey differently, but most of them make a hissing noise previous to the attack. They never attack man but as an act of self-defence.

The poison of serpents has from the earliest times excited attention, both on account of its deadly effects as a poison and its supposed medicinal power. In a fresh state, it is transparent limpid fluid, and when taken into the stomach produces no ill effects; but its injurious action is developed, like that of most animal poisons, by being introduced into the blood through a wound. These wounds are always dangerous—sometimes fatal; and amidst all the vaunted remedies for destroying the effect of the poison, it appears that nothing short of immediate excision of the wounded part is of any avail. The poison has been frequently used as a remedy in disease, and even at the present day enters into one of the most popular remedies on the continent:—

"We have stated above, that the practice of extracting from serpents the remedies against their bite, dates from remote antiquity: Antonius, physician to Augustus, employed vipers in several diseases; but it was not until the time of Nero, when the physician Andromachus of Crete, invented the *theriaca*, that the practice became general. The *theriaca* was an arbitrary compound of heterogeneous medicaments, and was afterwards employed in maladies of the most opposite nature: it was compounded in the middle ages in almost all the cities of Europe, particularly in its southern parts. At this day, the practice of including the snake in the composition of this medicament is only retained in Italy, where the *theriaca* is still made in various places. In Sicily it is prepared at Palermo. That of Venice is very celebrated: there they use millions of the *Vipera aspis*, which is common in the vicinity of that city. The great manufacture of *theriaca* which exists at Naples, under the protection of the government, is a private speculation, at the head of which stands the learned Professor Delle Chiie; there they use indiscriminately every species of serpent, although they prefer the vipers named *viperiere* by the peasants, who bring them alive in baskets. M. Siebold assures me that they frequently employ a species of *theriaca* in China and Japan; the inhabitants of the Lioukiou Isles extract medicaments from the *Hydrophis colubrina*; and at the Isle of Banks, the Chinese reckon the bite of the Great Python a precious remedy against many diseases. I pass over the use made in the middle ages of different parts of the snake, to each of which was attributed salutary qualities; in our days they are wholly laid aside."

The author exposes many of the strange stories that are told of serpents, and does not even spare modern authors of repute in science, for giving currency to erroneous notions on this subject:—

"One is astonished to hear of sea-snakes of monstrous size; of boas from forty to fifty feet long that attack men, oxen, tigers, and swallow them whole, after having covered them with a frothy saliva: absurdities that bring to recollection those fables of winged monsters or dragons, of which the mythology of the ancient people of Asia has preserved the remembrance, and of which the wayward fancy of the Chinese has multiplied the forms. What shall we say on reading in modern works of great reputation, descriptions of the marvellous effects produced on serpents by music; when travellers of talent tell us they have seen young snakes retreat into the mouth of their mother, every time that they were menaced with danger! Unfortunately naturalists, in classing such fables with the number of facts, have often embellished with them their descriptions, and thus have contributed to give them universal acceptance. Who,

for instance, will not be struck with the description which Latreille and Lacepede have drawn up of the habits of the *boa*, and of other serpents of great size? How many qualities have not these philosophers attributed to those beings, which have never existed, except in their own imaginations!"

Amongst these strange stories told of serpents is their power of fascination, and we have seen this argument advanced in favour of animal magnetism. The explanation given by the author in the one case might, we think, supply hints for exposing absurdities in the other:—

"Many causes might have given rise to the origin of the pretended power of fascination of serpents. It is true that most animals appear absolutely ignorant of the danger which menaces them, when they find themselves in the presence of enemies as cruel as serpents; we often see them walk over the bodies of those reptiles, pick at their head, bite them, or lie down familiarly beside them: but we need not also deny, that an animal unexpectedly surprised, attacked by so formidable an adversary, seeing his menacing attitude, his movements performed with such celerity, may be seized with fear as, at the first moment, to be deprived of its faculties, and rendered incapable of avoiding the fatal blow, which is inflicted at the moment when it perceives itself assailed. Mr. Barton Smith, in a memoir expressly written to refute all that has been advanced on the fascination of the rattlesnake, relates several instances which prove that birds do not show themselves afraid, except when the serpent approaches their nests to seize their young. Then one may see the terrified parents fly around their enemy, uttering plaintive cries, just as our warblers do when any one stops in the vicinity of their nests. It may also be, that the animals which it is pretended had been seen fluttering around the snake, and at last falling into his mouth, have been already wounded by his poison-fangs; a supposition which perfectly corresponds to the way in which venomous serpents master their prey. Many tree-snakes seize their prey by twisting their slender tails around their victim. Dampier has several times been a witness of this spectacle: observing a bird flapping its wings, and uttering cries, without flying, this traveller perceived that the poor bird was locked in the folds of a snake, when he attempted to lay hold of it. Russel presented one day a fowl to a *Dipsas*, and the bird in a short time gave signs of death; not conceiving how the bite of a snake not poisonous, and so small, could produce such an effect, he carefully examined the fowl, and found the folds of the tail of the snake around the neck of the bird, which would have perished had he not disengaged it. Many birds of small size are accustomed to pursue birds of prey, and other enemies of their race, or fly about the place where the object of their hatred lies concealed: there is reason to believe that this phenomenon, known in Europe to every observer, also takes place in exotic regions; and perhaps this is also one of the circumstances which have contributed to the invention of the stories which have been related of the power of fascination in serpents."

The chapter on fables and prejudices connected with serpents gives an account of the various traditions, &c. connected with the serpent. The following extract will convey an idea of the mode in which this department of the subject is treated:—

"In the mythology of most ancient nations, there are traces which attest that the idea of the serpent as the *evil principle* prevailed from the most remote antiquity. The serpent is represented as the cause of the first transgression and fall of man; and Arimanes, assuming the form of a serpent, seeks in vain to overcome his antagonist Orosmandes, who represents the good principle in the idealism of the ancient Persians. It is believed that the ancient Greeks made choice of the allegory of the great serpent killed by the arrows of Apollo, to represent the pestilential vapours emanating from the marshy slime which covered the earth after the deluge, or after annual inundations, and which could only be dissipated by the rays of the sun; afterwards, this Python became the attribute of Apollo and his priestesses at Delphi, and it subsequently served for the emblem of Foretelling and Divination. Analogous circumstances

probably gave rise to the fable of the Lernæan hydra, exterminated by the labours of Hercules and his companion Iolas. Among the ancient Egyptians, the serpent was the symbol of fertility. They represented under the form of a serpent, enclosed by a circle, or entwined round a globe, the Cneph of their cosmogony, who is the same as Ammon, or the Agathodemon, the spirit or soul of creation—the principle of all that lives, who governs and enlightens the world. The priests of that people kept in the temples living serpents; and when dead, interred them in those sanctuaries of superstition. As an emblem of prudence and of circumspection, the serpent was a constant attribute of *Æsculapius*, and the same veneration was paid to those reptiles, as to the father or the god of medicine and magic. The Ophites were Christian sectaries, who, towards the second century of our era, established a worship which was particularly distinguished from that of the Gnostics in this,—that they adored a living serpent; conforming themselves to the ancient traditions of their race, they regarded that animal as the image of wisdom, and of the sensual emotions which it awakens. The monuments of the Mexicans, of the Japanese, and of many other nations who owe the foundation of their civilization to the ancient inhabitants of Asia, attest that the serpent played also a part more or less important in their religious mysteries; but time and the relations which exist between those nations and Europeans, have partly abolished these usages; and at this day it is only among negro tribes, and on the west coast of Africa, that the serpent figures among divinities of the first rank."

The generic and specific characters of all the known species of serpents are given at length. The work concludes with an essay on the geographical distribution of serpents, a valuable contribution to this department of science.

The History of the British Empire in India. By E. Thornton, Esq. Allen & Co.

The History of China. By E. Thornton, Esq. Allen & Co.

British India—[L'Inde Anglaise, &c.] By C. E. de Warren, late of the British Service. Paris and London, Bossange.

We have been anxious to find an opportunity for noticing Mr. Thornton's *History of British India*, which, though inferior to the standard work of Mills in comprehensiveness and grasp of thought, is more lively in narrative, more picturesque in description, and consequently more attractive to general readers. Mr. Thornton has given a greater share of his attention to the struggle for dominion between the French and English in southern India, than is generally bestowed upon that part of his subject, and this circumstance naturally directs our attention to his volumes, at a time when the Parisian press teems with publications respecting the causes that led to the overthrow of the colonial power of France in the last century. We have placed beside Mr. Thornton's volumes the work which has produced the greatest impression on the subject in Paris, but before we enter on any examination of the contents, we must give some account of the author, who has not, like Mr. Thornton, the advantage of being favourably known to the British public.

Mr. Edward de Warren informs us that he is the son of a Colonel de Warren, of the Irish Brigade, who quitted France at the time of the Revolution, and served under the English in India, until the restoration of Louis XVIII.; he then came back to France, but only survived long enough to make arrangements for the education of his children. Young Warren had been promised the aid of the Duke of Wellington if he ever wished to enter the British service. His Carlist connexions having deprived him of all chance of employment in France, after the expulsion of Charles X., he resolved to visit India, where a portion of his family had settled,

and obtain, if possible, a commission in the Anglo-Indian army. After some delay, during which he sought employment from the Nizam and Ranjeet Singh, he obtained an ensigncy in one of the regiments of the Madras Presidency and served in the campaigns against Coorg. He has not thought fit to inform us of the circumstances under which he left the service, but, like many of the emigrants who found shelter in this country from the persecution of the Jacobins, he exhibits a rancorous hatred of those by whom he was received and protected, adopting all the cant and calumny of the fanatical republicans, whenever the name or the policy of England is mentioned.

The presidency of Madras, though now less regarded than any of the others, was the cradle of the British Empire in India, and the theatre of the most singular contest for dominion that ever engaged the attention of a historian. This contest has not yet been examined separately; it has been viewed too much in connexion with its relations to the general history of India; we shall glance at it briefly. Aurungzebe completed the conquest, but not the subjugation, of southern India by destroying the kingdom of Golconda, now called Hyderabad, and extorting a nominal allegiance from the Mahratta tribes. His descendant, Mohammed Shah, conferred the viceroyalty of the Deccan on an aged general, who took the name of Nizam al Muluk (safety of the state), who soon rendered himself independent of the court of Delhi, and established his authority over all the varied tribes and states from the Nerbudda to Cape Comorin. Such a dominion consisted of too discordant materials to form a compact empire, and when its founder died in 1748, at the advanced age of 104 years, a disputed succession rent it to pieces. Nizam al Muluk left five sons: Chazi-ed-din, Nasir-jung, Salahat-jung, Nizam Ali, and Basalat-jung; he had also a grandson by his favourite daughter, named Mozaffar-jung, to whom he is said to have bequeathed the kingdom. Nasir-jung, profiting by the absence of his elder brother, who was at the court of Delhi, caused himself to be proclaimed Soubadar by the army; his nephew Mozaffar-jung alone opposed his accession, but, as he was too weak to maintain a contest alone, applied for aid to Dupleix, the governor of Pondicherry, who sent him an auxiliary force. Dupleix was one of the most able Europeans who ever took a part in oriental diplomacy; he had long foreseen the approaching dismemberment of the empire of Delhi, and had formed his plans for securing to France a large share of the fragments. He obtained from Mozaffar-jung, as the reward of his alliance, a grant of the territory of the Carnatic, and some other territories, including the town of Masulipatam. Nasir-jung sought the assistance of the English, and succeeded in obtaining a force of six hundred men; he marched to encounter his rival, and thus the English and French troops were engaged at different sides, while the two nations were at peace in Europe. Monsieur d'Auteuil, who commanded the French force, was much embarrassed by this circumstance, especially as his men were in a state of mutiny; he resolved to march back to Pondicherry; and Mozaffar-jung, thus abandoned, was forced to surrender to his rival, by whom he was thrown into prison. Nasir-jung having refused to fulfil the articles of his treaty with the English, Major Lawrence returned to Madras, and the field was left open to French intrigue. Dupleix easily found means to corrupt the principal officers of the incapable Soubadar, and having concerted a revolt of the army, sent a force of about eight hundred men to attack him in his camp. Warren chooses to describe this expedition as one of the most daring in history, but in fact the greater part of the

Soubadar's army had been won over by gold and promises; no sooner did the French detachment come in sight than Nasir-jung was assassinated, and his rival taken from his prison to ascend the throne. Soon after Chazi-ed-din, the rightful heir, was poisoned by his own mother, and the power of the new Soubadar generally established. To maintain his throne, Dupleix sent him an auxiliary force under the command of the Marquis de Bussy, a man endowed with all the accomplishments necessary for profiting by such a favourable conjuncture of events. Bussy became, in fact, the real governor of the Nizam's dominions, and had the government of France comprehended the advantages of his position, France might have become the mistress of southern India, having had a firmer foundation laid for establishing its power than the English obtained half a century later, after a long expenditure of blood and treasure. The death of Mozaffar-jung, in a petty skirmish, made no change in the prospects of the French. Though Mozaffar had left a son, Bussy acknowledged Salahat-jung as Nizam, and obtained from him new cessions of territory.

The East India Companies of France and England were at war while the two countries were at peace. This anomalous condition of affairs could not long continue; and when the English threatened to send a naval armament to India, under the command of Admiral Watson, the French Company agreed to recall Dupleix, whom both parties regarded as the chief instigator of hostilities. A treaty was concluded, which neither party faithfully observed; but after the return of Dupleix to Europe, the balance of diplomatic talent was turned in favour of England: even Bussy was no match for men of such ability as Clive and Lawrence. When war was renewed between France and England, the destinies of the French in the East were intrusted to the brave but incapable Lally: one of his first acts was to recall Bussy from the service of the Nizam, and thus voluntarily abandon the vantage-ground which the French held in the Deccan. Salahat-jung, who owed his crown to Bussy, and who had not sought to secure it by any other source of strength, was soon dethroned by his brother Nizam Ali, and perished in prison.

Nizam Ali sought the aid of England against the rising power of Hyder Ali and the renewed strength of the Mahrattas; he purchased this aid by giving to the English the territories which had been previously ceded to Dupleix and Bussy. A few French adventurers remained in the service of the princes of southern India, but the influence which they established was merely personal; and when Raymond's corps was dismissed by the Nizam in 1798, the last trace of the struggle for empire in southern India between France and England was finally effaced.

It is not surprising that Frenchmen should feel some mortification in a retrospect of the chances which their East India Company and government threw away, but it is rather strange that they should deduce from these events accusations of perfidy against England. It has been constantly asserted by French writers that Dupleix was sacrificed to English intrigue; De Warren, of course, repeats the accusation; but the legal records of Paris contain abundant proof that he was removed in consequence of a pecuniary dispute between him and the French East India Company. England cannot in any way be held responsible for the incomprehensible folly of Lally's course, though the Lieutenant insinuates that he might have been duped by some inexplicable intrigues. A game was played in which the French lost, and there is no probability of their ever being again able to get the cards into their hands.

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De Warren gravely advises his countrymen to favour the advance of the Russians on India, unless England abandons the right of search and surrenders all its possessions in the Mediterranean to the French government. This is a course of policy which has found advocates in France of a more respectable class than the renegade Lieutenant, though he alone has entered into a calculation of the probabilities of its success. We shall take in their order what are assigned as causes of the insecurity of the British empire in India.

The fiscal burthens of Hindustan open a very wide field for inquiry. The monopolies of salt and opium, the heavy duties charged in this country on the import of East Indian produce, the differential duties in favour of other colonies, and many other grievances, continue to impoverish Hindustan; we have tried how far it is possible to sell to a country from which we refuse to buy, and the consequence is the loss of markets to our manufacturers, and the removal of all the natural stimulants to industry from the natives of India. The Lieutenant is perfectly justified in the severe condemnation which he pronounces on this system, and we fear that there is not much ground to hope for its speedy amendment.

A second source of weakness, and one now almost past cure, is, that the natives of India are kept a distinct race from the English, and are studiously prevented from becoming subjects of the British realm. Colonization has been recently permitted; the use of the English language in courts of law is of very modern date, and none of the constitutional institutions established in our other colonies have been introduced into India. There are no bases laid for the consolidation of the British power; India, in fact, is only known to our Government through the Court of Directors, and to the Court of Directors through its European servants; its state exists neither by nor for the country, and its hierarchies can have no connexion with the ruling powers. There is a mixed race of Anglo-Indians about the chief cities, but it is a race of illicit and demoralized origin, and, with some brilliant exceptions, retains the characteristics of its polluted source. In fact, the amalgamation of the rulers and the ruled, has not been attempted; there is no identity of feeling, of interest, or of any reciprocal duty.

The Indian army is admirably disciplined, and better equipped than any on the continent; but the Afghan campaign has shown that it cannot be relied upon when it is not supported by Europeans; we have endeavoured to ascertain the proportion of Mohammedans, Rajputs, and Ghorkas in the Company's service, as compared with that of Hindús of low caste, without arriving at any certain result; but we have found reason to believe, that the Hindú infantry is generally recruited from the feeblest class of the population, and that though there is a preponderance of Mussulmans in the cavalry, they are rarely sprung from the conquering races of Arabs, Persians, and Jagatays, but are the descendants of renegades and outcasts. Still, we hold it to be a matter of less importance than is generally supposed, to enter into the consideration of the military force, for the fate of that empire is sealed which relies solely upon its army.

We agree with De Warren, whose views are to some extent supported by the authority of Mr. Thornton, that the dangers to which our Indian empire are exposed have been greatly increased by the Afghan war, by our occupation of Scinde, and by the condition of the Punjab. The renegade Lieutenant, indeed, traces out the plan of a campaign for Russia, which is about one of the most absurd that ever entered into the head of a dreaming Carlist. We need not

examine a scheme which omits the military difficulties of mountain and desert, and the political obstacles arising from the religious animosities between the Persians and the Afghans.

Since the above was written we have received the first volume of Mr. Thornton's 'History of China'; we shall examine its merits when the work is completed; so far as it has gone it appears to be a judicious and well-considered compilation from the ordinary authorities.

Letters from Vienna, by a Native—[Briefe, &c.]
Hamburg, Hoffmann & Campe; London, Williams & Norgate.

NOBODY goes to Vienna to learn philosophy, or politics, or morals, and, therefore, our Austrian volunteer informer against his countrymen and fellow-citizens might have spared himself the pains of writing these letters to caution us against such an error. A great portion of his disclosures respecting the sins of Vienna might have been as fairly given with the name of any other great city—London, Paris, or Pekin—for a title. Still there is truth in his observations on the peculiar demoralization attending a despotic government; but his letters would have had a better aspect if he had not, in the outset, taken so decidedly the part of counsellor for the plaintiff against Vienna. We shall however give, without any grave comments, a few passages; and, for the first sample, as Vienna instantly reminds us of Strauss and Lanner, let us quote our author's opinion on the waltz-music of the place, in which we are disposed to believe there is some justice. Such a style of music, so immediately pleasing to the ear, so devoid of everything like dramatic vigour and objective meaning, in short, so constantly self-flattering, must certainly have an effeminating influence, and many observations might be made here, by a musical psychologist, on the unhealthiness of a considerable portion of modern music. But what says our disloyal native of Vienna?

The names of Strauss and Lanner shine in the present Terpsichorean firmament as stars of the first magnitude! Many rivals have started up, but met with little success, while the fame of these two has extended itself far beyond the bounds of their country. Each has his peculiar character, and the two have been contrasted by the scribblers for Vienna journals at least as often as Goethe and Schiller. Strauss, since his return from his great journey, has scarcely regained his early tact in composition, though, when his genius occasionally breaks forth, he produces still piquant and brilliant things; but Lanner has kept himself firm in the favour of the people, by tickling their ears with charming and yet well-wrought melodies. Strauss is the man of lively and epicurean humour; Lanner gives excellent garden-music, but you must imagine a tender pair cooing together in every arbour. Strauss, when he composes, seems to dip his pen in a glass of champagne, while Lanner moistens his quill in a tear of luxury. [*sic!*] Certainly, this music has something in it exciting for the people. The idler of Vienna feels himself electrified by its thrill; it penetrates his inmost being; for he is as light, merry, and voluptuous as itself. The waltz-music of Vienna seems to produce an impress of the general national character upon each individual, instead of elevating and purifying him, flattering him and soothingly appealing to all his faults. It produces an apathy towards intellectual impulses, while it kindles his love of sensuous pleasures. It is my serious opinion that the fear lest all sense of high musical art should be swept away by this flood of waltzes, is not so well grounded as the fear lest the morality of a people should be undermined by too constant indulgence in such luxuries. Idleness, luxury, and superficiality, a trefoil of vices, are certainly nourished by it. As a musical variety, the waltz is not to be despised, and, now and then, it may be employed with a cheerful effect. If there were no true excellence in the compositions of Strauss

and Lanner, they would not have made the tour of Europe, and found their way into Brockhaus' Conversations Lexicon. But as every over-indulgence is injurious, one need not be a homeopathist to see that the waltz mania of Vienna is unwholesome for the people.

So much for the favourite music of the Austrians. Our letter-writer gives no better accounts of their philosophy, education, official and private character. He describes Vienna as a place where Diogenes might carry his lantern about long enough without the shadow of success. In many points the writer exaggerates his monotonous complaint; but that the state of government and public institutions in Vienna has long exercised a debilitating influence upon intellectual freedom, manliness, and practical energy of character, we know on better authority than these letters; and when these radical virtues are blighted, what other virtues can flourish? There is enough of mean subserviency and timid half-thinking and half-saying in Germany generally, but the German reader can soon discover when he has got hold of an Austrian publication on history or politics by the tone of the work. As Böeme said, there is something of a prison-atmosphere about the literature of Vienna, at least when we approach the political domain. The people are soothed with pleasant gardens, summer fêtes, and charming waltzes, lest they should become serious, feel themselves to be men, and commit such indiscretions as conceiving noble thoughts and planning noble actions. Our letter-writer's remarks, however, on the faults of their education might be as reasonably applied to other people as to the Austrians.

Their elementary education suffers from two main defects: it is too dogmatic in the first place. The teacher only tries, by continuous repetition, to impress his *dictum* upon the pupil's memory. He never considers how crippling and discouraging such a method must be for the best faculties of the youthful mind. The second defect lies in the mere formalistic nature of the instruction given. The pupil learns to read, to write, and to reckon, and, in addition to these acquirements, his tender memory is loaded heavily with a mass of Roman Catholic dogmas. Of the useful sciences for practical life he hardly hears a word. When he has left the school, the impressions of realities fall upon his mind, and scarcely a ray of guiding light illuminates his actual circumstances. True, he has been made to learn by rote the *dicta* of a little manual of behaviour in social life, but how to think and act for himself he has never been taught. His reading-book has told him enough about "poisonous snakes," "the dangers attending skating," and "hydrophobia," but his inmost character is left unformed. He leaves the elementary school with a crowd of mere words in his memory and a good portion of blind faith.

This style of education is certainly no peculiarity of the Austrians. "The child is father to the man," and from such elementary pupils we may expect to find, afterwards, blind teachers and professors with no independent philosophy. Vienna cannot be a very convenient place for the philosophy of history and government,—witness Schlegel's celebrated, but verbose and illogical, lectures on the theme:—

Where philosophy is slighted and degraded, all science and inquiry will be turned to some arbitrary object. In Russia this is the autocracy of the Czar, while in Austria it is to maintain the Duumvirate of the Catholic church and the throne. A philosophic inquirer, here, who ventured beyond the narrow boundaries prescribed to him, would soon find himself in collision both with church and state, and be called upon to surrender his professorship. A work with some independent tendencies may perhaps, now and then, gain the imprimatur of the censorship, especially if written in a cloudy style. Little unimportant and unintelligible heresies are left unnoticed; but anything like a system of philosophy, seeking for popularity and applying itself to actual affairs,

would have to pass the fiery-trial of the Censor, and could only be published "cum permissione superiorum." Thus philosophy may be considered as banished from the country.

Our author regards the aristocracy as the main source of social corruption, and gives a sad account of the education of a young nobleman; but this, too, can scarcely be claimed by Austria as a characteristic:—

Here, where all the highest and wealthiest families of the land congregate in rivalry of display, through spring, autumn, and winter, every day presents gay spectacles. Here you may see plenty of splendid equipages, and ever-varying fashions; you may hear of fairy-like, luxurious soirees, love adventures, balls, theatrical enthusiasm, costly cigars, mustachio-fashions and hounds;—but months and years may pass before you can hear of one truly magnanimous action, of one noble deed of benevolence performed by these noblemen. Are we to believe that fame reveals all the evil and conceals the good?—For the culture of the fine arts little is done by these noble families. As to the architecture of their generally tasteless and antiquated palaces, they think hardly at all. Many of them inhabit rented houses.

But let us turn to the amusements of the people:—

Daum's Elysium is a happy speculation. The locality is subterranean, very spacious and lighted with gas. Here jugglers, singers, harpists, pantomime-players, and other caterers to popular amusement are huddled together. The saloon for dancing is tolerably pleasant. A Chinese seraglio contains a collection of piquant figures. Even the child of modern civilization, (l) the railroad, is there. The wagons are drawn by gaily painted horses. Improvisateurs come here to scatter their bad rhymes. Devices and emblems from all parts of the world adorn the walls, and some of the pictures are executed with tolerable taste. A plebeian fairy world, not without its charms, here surrounds the spectator, and all the passions and tastes of Vienna's populace are concentrated in one point. The crowd here is often indescribable, and the heat breathes of middle Africa and Sahara.

We have not patience to follow this Jeremiah of Vienna, through all his exposures of worthless novels, extravagant dresses, adulterated tea and coffee, chalky bread, &c. "The glory has departed even from the cooks of Vienna!" he pathetically exclaims. "Young noblemen lose all strength of character in the process of a bad education," and still worse. "roast beef is prepared, in Vienna, in such a style as to lose all its genuine aroma!" Let the traveller, however, learn, for his consolation, that there is still "good beer to be got at the Three Ravens."

One point our author has certainly proved clearly enough, that either among the corruptions of Vienna, or somewhere else, he has acquired a very weak, declamatory and sometimes meaningless style of writing, which he ought to amend before he undertakes to satirize the manners of another metropolis. His statements are not recommended by novelty, nor are his opinions supported by sobriety. To rail at things as they are, is of little use; but a fair and lucid exposition of the "modus operandi" by which a despotic and suspicious government produces a degradation of national and social character, would be interesting and useful.

A Summer's Day at Windsor. By Edward Jesse.

An Account of the Restorations of the Collegiate Chapel of St. George, Windsor. By Thomas Willement.

[Second Notice.]

WE left the reader among the curiosities of the *Guard Chamber*, marvelling at the strange association of the refuse of the wreck of the Royal George, with the armour of Prince Henry, and the shield of Benvenuto Cellini. We have now to ask him to accompany us into the long low passage which is called St. George's Hall, which

"noble" hall we shall describe, by the help of Mr. Jesse and the Windsor ordinary Guide Book. The "princely" dimensions are 200 feet long, 34 feet broad, and 32 feet high—not at all "princely" if likened to those of George the Fourth, though perhaps having some analogy to those of "Longshanks," if tradition speaks truly. "The pure simplicity of the style" is stated to "harmonize more with the character of its patron saint" than the Cupids and Muses of Verrio. Its architecture, according to the Royal Windsor Guide, is very curious: "the new ceiling is in the Gothic style, from a design by Sir Jeffry Wyatville; in form it is a flat Gothic arch." These "flat arches," appropriately enough, are executed in plaster, painted to imitate oak; the walls are also of plaster, painted to represent stone! The corbels, supported by "two knights in complete armour," are in stucco. Sir Jeffry must have thought "the patron saint" a very lath-and-plaster make-believe hero to dedicate to him such flimsy work. The portraits of James the First and Charles the First are by far the best and most genuine things in this room—the first an excellent characteristic-looking painting, ascribed, and in all likelihood correctly, to Vansomer—and the latter to Vandyke. These, as well as the other paintings here, are full-length portraits of sovereigns—Lawrence's chalky portrait of George the Fourth in his state robes not the least conspicuous among them—and are hung along the north side of the hall. They are its chief decorations. The other decorations exhibit a struggle for precedence between the positive colours of the herald-painter and the drablike tints of the quaker. The general harmony and effect would be much improved by deep colouring on the walls in some diaper pattern.

From St. George's Hall, we descend a step into the *Ball Room*—one of the best proportioned and the most consistently decorated apartments in the whole palace, and, if we except the use of the gobelin tapestry as *pictures*, and the Gothic windows at the end, is not to be contemned: that is, if there be any toleration at all for French decoration. The ornaments of this room, chiefly gilt, on shades of drab grounds, are borrowed from Versailles; and though we have little admiration for the style of Louis Quatorze, there is no great objection to be urged against a single, and that an extensive and tolerably consistent specimen of it. Certainly this room has a look of magnificence, and, lighted up, makes an appropriate ball room: it has a more genuine reality about it than any of the "Gothic" affectations, and suggests suitably its purpose. Little is there worthy of much remark in the adjoining *Throne Room*, excepting the dull effect of the dark blue velvet panels under the northern aspect of the room. There is no lack of decoration of one kind or another—badges of the Garter—stucco ornaments of acorns and oak leaves—Gibbons's carving, &c.; but the place has always an unattractive unmeaning look, and no one ever eares to loiter in it, unless for the fine view out of its windows.

Next we enter the *Waterloo Chamber*, or "Grand Dining Room," certainly a fine and spacious apartment, and susceptible of great splendour, if the disagreeable monotony of drab colouring on the walls and ceiling were exchanged for something more ornamental and characteristic of the style of the decorations which have borrowed the architectural forms of the Elizabethan period. A judicious use of positive colours and gilding would greatly improve this roof; and it has often occurred to us that the large superficies of blank wall would afford an admirable space for four large *Frescoes*, the subjects commemorative of the events, from the climax of which, this chamber has been christened. A grant from parliament for this

express object would, we have little doubt, be popular. It would be a step in the right direction, as it seems to us, if the Commissioners of Fine Arts were to give commissions, and properly remunerative prices too, to some half dozen of our first artists, for frescoes to be painted on these walls, which are sufficiently dried and prepared to receive them. This Waterloo Chamber offers a very suitable opportunity, wanting, as it lamentably does, handsomer decorations, and, being situate in a place where both the sovereign and her subjects might mutually participate in the improvement. A sufficient grant—say 5,000/-—would become, in a few years, a poll-tax not exceeding a farthing per head on the public visitors, whom the Queen admits into this chamber. The light, which streams through a lantern of ground glass extending over the entire length of the chamber, is sufficiently abundant, and excellently suited to exhibit frescoes on the walls. The existing attractions here are the portraits of the historical personages, either immediately associated with the battle of Waterloo, or contemporary with the event. The principal are the work of Lawrence, and some of his very best pictures are hung in this chamber. His Cardinal Gonsalvi and Pope Pius VII. are here, but above all should be named his portraits of Lord Liverpool and Lord Castle-reagh, the first a work which, for its beautiful tone and colour, might claim even Titian for its painter. The full-length portraits of George the Fourth and William the Fourth, the first by Lawrence and the latter by Wilkie, provoke a contrast from their similarity of subject and great dissimilarity of effect—both are portraits of men without much character or expression, dependent for effect on their robe-maker. They always remind one of Michael Angelo Titmarsh's picture of Louis the Fourteenth, in and out of his robes of state, which shows the immense importance of the robes to the Grand Monarch. In these portraits, the pictures wholly consist of velvet and ermine, gilt lace and jewels; but out of such bald materials Wilkie has made a very picturesque composition—beautiful in its colour, suggesting rather than actually depicting the local positive tints of the glitter and jewels, and combining the whole into subdued harmony—whilst Lawrence has expressed the white satin and silk, purple velvet and gilt lace, in untempered glare and in a cold chalky manner. Wilkie's picture is really a fine one, Lawrence's little better than a large sign. This same picture is repeated no less than three times throughout the Castle.

There is not much to delay the visitor in the *Grand Vestibule* or *staircase*, modern works by Wyattville, with their painted imitations of stonework, or in the rooms adjoining, until he reaches the *King's Drawing Room*, better known as the *Rubens Room*, being entirely hung with works attributed to that exuberant master. The painter's own portrait, and that of his second wife, Helena Formann, are, perhaps, the most interesting of the lot, which does not comprise very first-rate specimens. The two landscapes have become unnaturally discoloured; possibly brown enough originally, they seem now to have parted with any little local colouring they may have once possessed. They are inferior to his landscape in the National Gallery, to which, however, in their general treatment they bear a marked resemblance. The family picture of Sir Balthazar Gerbier and his lady and nine children, from a baby in arms upwards, is thought to be the production of Vandyke, who is said to have inscribed it himself. Gerbier was Charles the First's minister at Brussels, and the friend of the two painters. To Vandyke also is assigned a partnership in the vigorous and animated painting of St. Martin dividing his cloak

with beggars—Rubens claiming the composition, Vandyke the colouring.

The King's Council Room contains some forty paintings ascribed to various great painters—Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, &c., but whose connexion with them we strongly doubt. Among the genuine and best pictures here, as they seem to us, the following may be instanced, beginning at the east side of the chamber—St. Agnes, by Domenichino, and engraved by Strange;—“a black-complexioned gentleman, with black beard, holding in his right hand a red book, being some scholar,” as it is called in Charles the First's catalogue, by Parmigiano, who probably has a better title to the St. John the Baptist here than Correggio, to whom it is ascribed. The Holy Family, by Garofalo, is an excellent specimen, and the portraits by Holbein are three of the best painted pictures in the room. The older man for a long time used to be called “Luther,” but has recently been renamed, and more correctly, “Dr. Stokesly,” a bishop of London, about 1530. The Cleopatra, engraved by Strange, is a well finished picture in Guido's second manner.

In the next room, as in the preceding, there is a mixture of painters of all countries, styles and periods. Jan Stein hangs below A. del Sarto, who is next to Sir Antonio More. The two portraits by Vancleve, are as genuine and interesting as any pictures in this room; but the most popular is the well-known picture by the blacksmith painter of Antwerp, which, by a common error, is called the ‘Misers.’ ‘Misers’ it is not, though one of them may probably be so. The expressions of the faces, their action, and all the accessories in the picture tell plainly enough that it is one man paying his debt to another. The receiver, whose fur, jewel in his cap, and ring on his finger, denote his superior station and well-being, is counting his receipts with his left hand, and totaling up the amount with his pen on paper in the right. The little chirographs and deeds on the shelf are emblematical of his caution, and show that the prudent money-lender does not make loans without good security. The ink-horn and apparatus, and the furniture of the room, carry us back into the latter part of the fifteenth century. The picture is carefully and substantially, though coarsely, painted. It has too much artistic skill to have been inspired by love only. Our readers recollect the tradition how Cupid metamorphosed Quintyn Matsys the blacksmith into Quintyn Matsys the painter, and his anvil and hammers into palette and pencils, out of love for a painter's daughter, who was held by her father to be impregnable except by an artist.

The Queen's Closet has some pictures of worth and interest, but they cannot be examined conveniently, and their effect is singularly disturbed by the general decorations of the room, which are of light blue and silver, even the picture frames being silvered. The Holbeins are very good, so is Luca Penn's copy of Holbein's Erasmus. The removal of Titian's own portrait, and his friend Andrea Franceschina, which belonged to Charles the First's collection, to another frame and a lower position, is greatly to be desired.* We hasten past the insipid scene

works of Zuccarelli in the Queen's Drawing Room, onwards, to the blaze of Vandykes, which hang in the adjoining apartment, and make a fitting conclusion to the tour of the state rooms.

Three pictures of Charles the First are here, five in fact, for one has the well-known three portraits of him in full face, profile, and three quarters—all representing him as a rather melancholy thoughtful man, with a gentle refined cast of countenance, of rather sinister and wavering expression. There are several pictures of Charles's family, and also of his queen, whose face, though pretty, lacks expression and character. Speaking of the portrait of Lady Digby, wife of Sir Kenelm, also here, Hazlitt says, “You are introduced into the presence of a beautiful woman of quality, of a former age, and it would be next to impossible to perform an unbecoming action with that portrait hanging in the room. It has an air of nobility about it, a spirit of humanity within it.” Her great beauty, and the slander it provoked, are told by Clarendon, but Vandyke vindicates her cause, and represents slander prostrate and bound at her feet. We know of no other equally extensive exhibition of the works of the accomplished portrait painter as this room presents, and those who would see Vandyke in his glory, would be well repaid by a pilgrimage to this room alone.

Leaving the state apartments, we suggest that the visitor should take another glance at the North Terrace as he passes the archway leading to it. Ascending from the Terrace, he may make the circuit of the Keep or Round Tower, bestowing a glance on the indifferent equestrian statue which Toby Rustat erected to Charles the Second; and if he have sufficient time, ascend the Round Tower to see, on a clear day, twelve counties in panoramic view below, and meditate on the prisoners, with warriors and poets, who have been confined within its stout walls, and inscribed them with their names and badges; but to pursue this investigation, Lady Mary Fox's permission must first be obtained.

We strongly advise the visitor to attend the service in St. George's Chapel: we know of no choir better drilled. The musical services here are most impressive. The chapel, with its architecture and decorations—its stone and wood-carving—remnants of old paintings—iron-work—stained glass, is more than enough for a long day's study. We can recommend that portion of Mr. Jesse's Guide-book relating to the chapel as pointing out sufficiently the notabilia here. Since the appearance, however, of the last edition, the chapel has undergone many judicious restorations. The vaultings and walls throughout have been cleared of whitewash, and a beginning has been made in the right direction in the colouring and gilding of them. It is curious to trace how the revival of colours for architectural decoration is making way everywhere timidly and cautiously, as in this chapel, where only the bosses and more prominent ornaments have been touched. Some general repairs have been executed in the various chantries, and the old paintings in them have been preserved.

We hope to see the modern tablets removed from the chantry of Oliver King, and the paintings restored. Of the restorations in Somerset Chantry, Mr. Willement gives the following account:—

“This chantry is situate at the extreme west end of the south aisle; in the centre stands the monument of Sir Charles Somerset Earl of Worcester, K.G., with his effigy, and that of his first wife, Elizabeth, the daughter and heir of William Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon; the tomb has armorial bearings on the sides and at the foot, and is inclosed by a brass screen of excellent design: this had been repainted, but in the late repairs was thoroughly

cleaned and repaired, and the effigies restored. The other monuments of the family, though costly, are a sad incumbrance to the chantry, which is of very limited dimensions, have also been cleaned and repaired. The windows have been filled with stained glass, containing the arms and alliances of the persons buried in the vault beneath; and the original painting of the walls and vaulting restored to its original state. The recent cleaning having removed all the modern applications, so much was evident of the ancient decorations, that it became a very easy matter to give to every part its original colouring. This consisted in variously formed divisions of red and blue, the livery colours of the family, powdered with heraldic badges. In the floor have been inserted some ancient tiles of various patterns from the abbey church of St. Mary at Tintern. The whole cost of this extensive restoration was defrayed by his grace the present Duke of Beaufort, K.G.”

The windows throughout the chapel have been improved by the insertion of stained glass of an appropriate character, and we are happy to hear that the work of relieving other windows of their white plain glass and filling them with stained glass, is still in progress. In due course, we may hope to see the abortive attempt designed by West, and executed by Jervaise and Forrest, removed from the altar, and a window of architectural consistency and suitable glass substituted. We have already spoken at length on the essential differences between stained glass and oil painting, and of the error of attempting to produce the effects of the latter in glazing. The East window of St. George's Chapel is one of the most notable examples of such a mistake, and all the recent works in the chapel make it the more apparent. Mr. Willement relates how this great mistake led to others for the support of it:—

“It is quite evident that the projectors of this experiment were not satisfied with the result of it. The first step was to colour the surrounding frame with a dark colour, to subdue its bright opposition to the heavy masses of the picture, but this being inadequate, two of the adjoining windows on each side in the clerestory were solidly closed up, the spaces between the mullions being filled by plates of tin with very indistinct heraldries painted on them. That the transition from these to the bright light of the clerestory windows generally might not be too abrupt, the third window on each side was filled by painted glass of the dingiest tone, the pattern of the ornaments on the tin plates being continued. The result was, that without being able to give much additional effect to the altar window, the altar itself became almost imperceptible on entering the choir, and the steps in front extremely perilous to those who approached it. Thus it remained until recently. The closed windows in the clerestory have now been opened, the dark glass has been placed in the two openings immediately adjoining the east end, and four of the following windows on each side have been glazed in rich and powerful colours.”

A tour through all the cloisters and passages in and about the chapel, especially those on the north side, will well repay any one whose eye is keen after picturesque combinations of form, light and shade, and exquisitely mellow tones of colour. Indeed, the out-of-door attractions of Windsor and its neighbourhood on all sides are quite as great as those inside the Castle. We could wish that the “slopes,” which lie beneath the North Terrace, were re-opened by the Queen to her subjects, whom George the Fourth was the first monarch to exclude.

It is hardly our business in this notice, purposed chiefly to offer some suggestions respecting the “Arts” as developed in the Castle, to dilate on the beauties of the Parks and foliage, or to urge the visitor to make his pilgrimage to these marvels; especially to the leafless blasted oak on the right of the footpath leading to Datchet,

That Herne the hunter,
Sometime keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about,

* Hazlitt has left us a criticism of this picture worth quoting for some of its passages. He says of it, “It is one of the finest specimens of this master. His own portrait is not much—it has spirit, but is hard, with something of a vulgar, knowing look. But the head of the senator is as fine as anything that ever proceeded from the hand of man. The expression is a lambent flame, a soul of fire dimmed, not quenched, by age. The flesh is flesh. If Rotten's pencil fed upon roses, Titian's would *carrié roses*. The time is between a gold and silver hue. The texture and pencilings are marrowy. The dress is a rich crimson, which seems to have been growing deeper ever since it was painted. It is a front view. As far as attitude or action is concerned, it is a mere *still-life*; but the look is of that kind that goes through you at a single glance. Let any one look well at this portrait, and he then sees nothing in it, or in the portraits of this

painter in general, let him give up *virtù* and criticism in despair.”

and beneath whose boughs the Merry Wives cozened Sir John. It should certainly be seen; and likewise the old pollards in the Great Park, and the huge old giants of oaks near to Cranbourne Lodge. A long summer's day is scarcely enough for the Parks and Virginia Water, without venturing inside the Castle. We hope the visitor, in his admiration for the scenery at Virginia Water, will discriminate between its real natural beauties and the impudent monstrosities of artificial cascades, and ruined temples, and caves, and fishing pagodas—miserable mistakes in taste. Artificial ruins are bad enough, but an artificial cascade of real water is everywhere an offence against propriety—even at a theatre. The most insignificant rivulet of a mountainous district puts it to shame. The cascade at Virginia Water is very miserable and offensive, with its quart of water dripping down, amidst dank, stinking weeds, which we have actually seen combed away. We protest against it, and all other similar abominations, notwithstanding the rhapsodies of the Windsor guide-books and guides about them.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

John Manesty, the Liverpool Merchant, by the late W. Maginn, L.L.D. 2 vols.—This is a clever book written in a bad spirit. A single sentence may serve to justify in part this brief judgment. The title-page, as the reader will observe, carries us to Liverpool the early prosperity of which town was closely connected with the slave trade. Here is the writer's liberal conclusions: "Just only is it to remark, that many persons in Liverpool conscientiously protested against the traffic, especially Quakers, and the more austere Dissenters." Just also, is it to add, that a general suspicion prevailed that those same Quakers were deeply engaged in the business." This sentence may serve as key-note to the whole work, and well illustrates its tone and temper. It is not an exposure of hypocrisy and cunning and rascality in the abstract in the character of a Quaker, or a Rant, or an L.L.D., but such an exposure as leads to the inference that these qualities are marking characteristics of dissent. There is no amount of ability that ought in our opinion to save such a work from condemnation. Enough then to say of it, that, artistically, the conception and execution are better than the construction. Its chief fault is want of development; the story would have been increased in interest had it been elaborated to twice the length; owing to its present simplicity of structure it is rather a tale than a novel or a romance.

The Vale of the Towey: or, Sketches in South Wales, by Anne Beale, author of 'Poems.'—We have often asked for some good books on that little understood district, the Principality: "but they do not come at our call." Guides have hitherto been too seriously infected with the mania of "fluttering their purple pinions," instead of using Common Sense's plain goose-quill—novelists from the author of 'The Mountain Decameron,' down to Mr. St. John, have appeared determined to tear passion to tatters, and throw probability to the winds, in place of emulating the performances of Scott and Galt in Scotland, or Edgeworth, Morgan, Banion, or Carleton in Ireland. In her preface, Miss (?) Beale expresses fears lest readers may expect some tidings concerning "the agrarian excitement which lately spread itself through South Wales"—in plainer English, Rebecca and her daughters! They will find nothing of the kind; but instead, as her apology might have prepared them to expect, 'The Vale of Towey' pranked out and be-painted, and peopled with stage swains, and nymphs of Vauxhall rusticity. Miss Mitford has been taken for model: a practice never resorted to with anything like success—since that which in herself was a pleasant and engaging communicativeness, becomes with her imitators affectation and twaddle.

The Way to Paradise, [Der Weg, &c.] by Zimmerman.—The pamphlet with this taking title is nothing more than an earnest lecture against the stimulative system pursued in modern diet, medicine and general habits. The writer protests against the use of all animal food, alcohol, spices, &c., and the wearing of

stiff stocks and cravats, while he warmly recommends the copious employment of cold water inwardly and outwardly, conjoined with that simple diet which best accords with primitive, or, we may say, infantine instincts: and these he assures us are the true means of arriving at the Paradise of "*mens sana in corpore sano.*" In his earnestness he exclaims, "the dawn of a new epoch is glowing: the day of health recovery is at hand!" Here we have a theory: the writer's next pamphlet should be filled with experiments and facts.

The Field of Honour: or, Scenes in the Nineteenth Century, by Anne Flinders.—This is a story to disuade from the practice of duelling. Works of this kind are not amenable to severe criticism; the present, however, need make no especial appeal to mercy. The foolish practice against which it is directed is already yielding to public opinion.

Rebecca Nathan; or, a Daughter of Israel.—An attempt to connect an interpretation of the prophecies with an illustrative tale. We cannot congratulate the writer on the success of the experiment.

An Essay on the Pronunciation of the Greek Language, by G. J. Pennington, M.A.—The object of this ingenious work is to promote the restoration of the ancient method of pronouncing Greek, so far as it can be ascertained and adopted. The author assures us that the subject is not involved in so much obscurity and doubt as to warrant despair, and has certainly succeeded in placing it before the reader in a much clearer and more satisfactory manner than might have been anticipated. He is remarkably careful in drawing proper distinctions, and adhering to them throughout. The force of the evidence adduced from ancient grammarians, is accurately estimated; and the reader is never in danger of confounding what rests upon competent authority with what is merely favoured by probable conjecture. After briefly introducing the subject, and mentioning one or two considerations which seem to render the present a suitable time for entering upon the inquiry, Mr. Pennington gives a lucid statement of the plan which he intends to pursue, and the sources of information to which he confines himself. He then endeavours to determine what was probably the original pronunciation of the vowels, diphthongs, and consonants. This naturally leads him to notice the conflicting opinions which have been maintained upon this curious subject at different times, particularly the celebrated controversy between the adherents of Erasmus and Reuchlin, in the sixteenth century. Readers in an age so bustling, and a country so commercial as our own, can hardly conceive the strong party-feeling which disputes of this nature formerly excited.

"In some instances the strength of argument was enforced, or the lack of it supplied, by academical and episcopal authority." The author next proceeds to investigate the subject of accentuation. He uses the word "accents," not to denote the marks which are placed over certain syllables, but the exertion of the voice employed in raising the tone of those syllables. He shows pretty clearly that the accentual marks—as he calls them—were originally intended to guide the pronunciation, by pointing out upon what syllables a stress was to be laid. With Bishop Middleton, he considers it evident that the practice of thus accenting some syllable in each word, must have existed long before the introduction of accentual marks by Aristophanes of Byzantium; though they were not generally used till several centuries afterwards, because an educated Greek would stand in no need of such guides to pronunciation. He argues, from the general agreement of MSS. and editors in placing the marks upon the very syllables which ancient grammarians mention as usually accented, that the present system of marking is in accordance with the original mode of pronouncing, and therefore of sufficient authority to be followed. He next treats of quantity; distinguishes it from accent, with which it is too often confounded; and points out the difference between Greek and Latin accentuation. He ridicules the absurdity—as it appears to him—of retaining the Greek accentual marks, and yet, in defiance of these guides, accenting the words as if they were Latin. We think, however, that he unduly depreciates the value of these marks, independently of the purpose which they were originally intended to serve; and is not sufficiently alive to the difficulty of getting English boys to observe

both accent and quantity in their pronunciation of Greek words. After all that he has said, we cannot reconcile ourselves to any change at present; especially as he himself merely contends for its adoption in the reading of prose. He is obliged to admit, that the true pronunciation of some of the letters can only be conjectured, and that the original method of reading poetry is entirely lost. Why, then, it may be asked, should we exchange a method which, though faulty, has at least the merit of convenience, for another scarcely less liable to objection, and far more difficult to acquire? The principal advantages, therefore, resulting from the study of that noble language, may be as fully realized under this system as under any other; in the same manner as many persons acquire a perfect comprehension of the spirit of modern continental literature, though they can barely approximate to a correct pronunciation of the language in which it is written.

The Strange Planet, and other Stories.—A child's book, relating the story of the creation, and throwing some passages and parables of Scripture into the form of short tales.

First Ideas of Number for Children.—*First Ideas of Geography for Children*.—The principle upon which these little books have been composed, for the guidance and assistance of those who have to teach young children, is a good one—it is, "that a distinct idea should be excited in the mind of a child before he is made acquainted with the sign used to represent it." Its soundness and practical utility were successfully put to the proof by Pestalozzi, one of the most enthusiastic and efficient of teachers. The work on number is admirable for its simplicity and lively variety of illustration. It renders the subject pleasing and attractive—a proof, in our opinion, of more than ordinary skill. Both works will be found useful, if the teacher can only catch the spirit in which they are written.

List of New Books.—Valpy's *Schrevelius' Greek Lexicon*, translated into English, edited by the Rev. J. R. Major, D.D., 6th edit., improved, 8vo. 15s. cl.—*The Works of Wm. Channing* (Hedderwick's Glasgow Edition), Vol. VI, royal 12mo. 6s. cl.—*Six Thousand Years Ago, or the Works of Creation Illustrated*, by Mrs. Best, royal 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—*Hamilton's Universal Tune Book*, a Collection of the Melodies of all Nations, adapted for the Violin, Flute, Clarinet, &c., containing nearly 600 Tunes, Vol. I, small 4to. 5s. cl., 4s. sgd.—*Guide to the Geology of Scotland*, with a Geological Map and Plates, by James Nichol, 12mo. 6s. cl.—*Family Drawing Book*, containing nearly 60 Subjects, Sketches from Nature, 8vo. 3s. 6d. sgd.—*Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) Eclogae Ovidiana*, 6th edit., 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Adam's (Rev. W.) Distant Hills*, 2nd edit., 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Adam's (Rev. W.) Sacred Allegories*, 2nd edit., 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—*Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) Spelling turned Etymology*, Part I., 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Radcliffe's (Rev. P.) The Creed of St. Athanasius* Illustrated, 8vo. 1s. cl.—*Nicholson's Exposition of the Church Catechism*, 2nd edit., 8vo. 6s. cl.—*St-Cyrus's Works*, with Life, by Poole, 3 vols. 8vo. 17. 1s. 6d. cl.—*Pettit's Classical Geography*, 12mo. 6s. roan.—*Life of Dr. A. Clarke*, 8vo., reduced to 7s. 6d. cl.—*England and France*, a Comparative View of the Social Condition of both Countries, new edit. 2 vols. post 8vo. 17. 1s. cl.—*Saints and Sinners*, a Tale of Modern Times, by W. O'Neill Daunta, Esq., 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. cl.—*Ireland and its Rulers*, since 1829, Part III., post 8vo. 10s. cl.—*The Congregational Lecture*, Tenth Series, Lectures on the Sacrament, by Robt. Halle, D.D., "Baptism," 8vo. 1s. cl.—*Musics for Infant Minds*, by Anne and Jane Taylor, new edit., 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—*Musing by the Author of 'Heart Breathing'*, 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*The Book of the Baby's Wardrobe* in Knitting and Netting, square, 6d. sgd.—*Philip Randolph, a Tale of Virginia*, by Mary Gertrude, cl. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. lettered.—*Arthur Arundel, a Tale of the English Revolution*, by Horace Smith, 3 vols. post 8vo. 17. 1s. 6d. bds.—*Historic Fancies*, by the Hon. G. S. Smythe, 2nd edit., 1 vol. 8vo. 12s. cl.—*Mysteries of Paris*, 19 engravings, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 15. 1s. cl.—*The Tongue of Time, or the Language of the Church Clock*, by the Rev. W. Harrison, 3rd edit. cl. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. lettered.—*Songs and Ballads*, by J. E. Carpenter, 32mo. 1s. 6d. sgd.—*Chamber's Educational Courses*, Mathematical Tables, by A. Bell, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Historical Prints of Greece*, with above 100 illustrations, by the Author of 'Charlie's Discoveries,' 8vo. 6s. cl., gilt edges.—*Manner's Christian Consolation*, 12mo. 4s. cl.—*Cowie's Printers' Pocket Book*, 6th edit., cl. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-Loom Weaver*, by Wm. Thorn, 12mo. 3s. cl.—*Library of Travel*, Vol. I. "Syria and the Holy Land," by Walter K. Kelly, 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—*Prince of Wales's Alphabet*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. sgd.—*English Poetry*, First Book, for Use in the Schools of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool, 12mo. 1s. sgd.; ditto, Second Book, 12mo. 1s. 6d. sgd.—*The Settlers in Canada*, written for Young People, by Captain Marryat, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. cl.—*Standard American Literature*.—*Bunyan's Lectures to Young Men*, royal 8vo. 9s. sgd.—*The Law and Practice of Insolvents in the Bankrupt Court*, by S. C. Horry, 12mo. 4s. cl.—*Lumley's Factory Act*, with Notes, Abstracts, and Index, 12mo. 5s. cl.—*Poor Law Amendment Act*, with Index, 8vo. 1s. 6d. sgd.—*An Aide-de-Camp's Recollections of Service in China*, by Captain A. Cunynghame, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.—*Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse*, by Sir G. Stephen, 6th edit. 7s. 6d. cl.

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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE 'MEDEA' OF CHERUBINI.

Frankfort, Aug. 24.

It was impossible to resist the temptation of Cherubini's 'Medea.' This work is very seldom performed in Germany,—nowhere, I believe, save in this town, and perhaps at Munich. It is needless to say that it has been some twenty years forgotten at the Opéra Comique of Paris, for which theatre it was written. I remember, some years ago, being offered a copy of the full score on the Boulevards at Paris, for little more than the price of waste-paper: the complete opera, with piano-forte accompaniment, is not, I believe, to be purchased anywhere: and though the zeal and sound taste of Herr Guhr, the conductor of the Frankfort orchestra, keep the memory of it alive, it is rarely given, save by particular request. On the present occasion, it has been produced in alternation with Spontini's 'Fernand Cortez,' Weber's 'Der Freischütz,' and Winter's 'Unterbrochene Operfest,' to gratify a distinguished musician, who is *summering*, (if such it can be called in this bleak and changeful weather) on the edge of the Taurus hills.

This 'Medea,' then, was to me a new work; but it is one of too high an order to be fully comprehended, with a single hearing, or to be exhausted in a single letter. It is one to be enjoyed intensely, though not without effort: how any musician in power can allow such a master-piece to be forgotten, would seem inexplicable, did I not know how largely even the best of the race bend to that foe to Art, as to Truth, expediency. They may plead, perhaps, that it was the very want of such bending which spoiled Cherubini's career. He is generally rated as undramatic, and, after many partial successes, quitted stage composition for the high ecclesiastic style, for which it has been generally said he was better fitted. Yet I cannot but think, that had he possessed the sympathy of Napoleon to smoothe his difficulties, instead of the antagonism provoked by an obstinate non-conformity, he would not have quitted the theatre till he had produced some master-piece which would have been as noble in its order, and as lasting in its popularity, as 'Fidelio.' 'Les Deux Journées' lives, but that is all; and this 'Medea,' a loftier work, is, as I have said, disinterred as a curiosity for a travelling Professor!

One cause of this neglect may be the undramatic heaviness of the *libretto*. This is essentially the same as that of Simon Mayer's opera; and, though a Pasta could give life to such a colourless sketch, and dramatic interest to scenes so devoid of point or situation, by her incomparable vocal and dramatic art, by a series of attitudes that was almost a series of passions, nothing short of such a sorceress could work such a spell. The one opportunity for a grand concerted piece, the presence of the indignant woman at Jason's marriage, is allowed to slip by unheeded; the situation having since been wrought to fine dramatic advantage by the librettist of Pacini's weaker 'Sofia.' The undivided weight of the last act—unless important retrenchments have been made—lies upon the *prima donna*. But Cherubini's music is such as Pasta would for an instant look at:—written alternately at the heights and the depths of the voice, and not to be executed without a strain to the artist fearful to listen to. It must be struggled with, and the audience must be contented if it is barely overcome. Here is another cause of neglect. I said that Cherubini was too unbending for his own prosperity, since a master so consummate could assuredly have produced his effects without so much violence to the executant, had he thought the study worth the pains.

Yet there are things in this opera of a sublimity which must raise the cultivated listener to a high pitch of enthusiasm. After the gloomy and impassioned overture, a short chorus of *soprani*, and a long *aria* for *Dire* (which fails, being meant for an air of display, which it is not), in the entry of *Jason* and *King Creon*, the *solo* for the latter being a most superb and stately movement. Admirable, too, is the manner in which, throughout the opera, Cherubini has got rid of every species of conventional form,—never hesitating to work in his principal voices as accessories, whenever he could gain an effect by it; in this showing a pertinacity of character worthy of recognition and support. The entrance of *Medea* is also admirable—the very apparition of a spirit of wrath,

trouble, and discord. But finest of all in this act, is her duet with *Jason*, when the pair are left alone. Nothing can exceed the orchestral treatment of this duett; a *coda* or *stretto*, in which the violins move in as brilliant an *agitato* as in Rossini's tenor and soprano duet ('Guillaume Tell,' Act the Second), with blasts of the louder wind instruments, and the voices "lashed up" (I must use the words) to frenzy, is appalling in its excitement. I have heard much of the passion of the duett in the fourth act of 'Les Huguenots,' but it is child's play to this, and, musically regarded, a collection of fragments, compared with a regular composition. Two more duets must be mentioned; one between *Medea* and *Creon* in the second act, into which again, the composer has wrought a few snatches of concerted music, with the happiest probability; and a second and last encounter with *Jason*, answering, I believe, to Mayer's famous 'Cedi al destin.' This, I think, will be considered the highest point of the opera; peerless in its orchestral treatment. From this point the act declines, though the nuptial chorus has an antique classic grandeur, only surpassed by Gluck, and (perhaps) Mendelssohn, in his 'Antigone' music. The final march of triumph is too long-drawn, seeing that *Medea* is in evidence all the time, without either call for action or vocal display. Who that ever saw Pasta can have forgotten her attitude, as she listened, with her royal mantle folded round her haughty arms? but the grandeur of the scene was hers, and not the composer's.

The storm interlude which opens the third act, as long as many modern opera overtures, is in Cherubini's best instrumental vein. To this succeeds *Medea*'s great air before the murder of her children, and a second, her final outburst of infinite vengeance. The two injure each other; the mind refuses to submit to such long protracted strain without relief; and the closing strains, which are of frantic brilliancy (if the epithet may be permitted), falling, as they do, upon an ear already filled with the utterances of struggling passion, are heard, rather than responded to. Ere we had reached this climax, I was worn out, and longing for the dropped curtain, the relief of silence, and the leisure to remember and treasure up the rich addition to my musical stores.

The orchestral performance was excellent—the vocal good; which is no small praise. Fraulein Neuther, the *Medea*, in spite of an incurably girlish face and figure, had studied her part well, though she had not sounded its depths; and was sure and forcible in the difficult music. Herr Conradi was solemn and impressive as *Creon*;—Herr Chrudimsky no more characterless than *Jason* is permitted to be. The chorus was as firm as a rock, though the women were a little shrill, and the men a little coarse. On the whole, whatever the public feel, or whatever they might be brought to feel with regard to this work, it would be to the interest of dramatic composers to have it performed frequently and well; and such amateurs as think, however high or humble the sphere of thought, ought to join them in regarding the performance as a boon of no common interest. It is worth a journey to Frankfort.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It is with regret that we announce the death, on the 30th ult., in the 71st year of his age, of Mr. Francis Baily, President of the Royal Astronomical Society. Mr. Baily, whose scientific attainments are well known, was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1821, was a Member of the Royal Irish Academy, a Corresponding Member of the French Institute, the Royal Academy at Berlin, and other learned and scientific bodies. Mr. Baily, we believe, was, in popular phrase, the architect of his own fortune. In early life his struggles were great, and we have heard that he emigrated to America. Be this as it may, we find him at the beginning of this century resident in London, employed in the office of a stockbroker, and for many years eking out his small salary by a series of useful publications, generally on insurance, annuities, and like subjects; the last an 'Epitome of Universal History,' published in 1813. Eventually his talents were discovered and appreciated, and he soon obtained what only he desired, sufficient fortune to justify his retiring altogether from business, and devoting himself wholly to science; and nobly did he employ his leisure and his fortune,

as the records of the Astronomical Society bear honourable testimony.

The following communication has been received from Prof. Roediger, of Halle, with a request that it should be made public:—“The philologists of Germany meet together from time to time, for the purpose of advancing a knowledge of their favourite subjects of inquiry by papers, treatises, and personal conversations; and also for the sake of uniting in a friendly manner, so as to become better acquainted with one another. The Association for the present year will hold their meetings at Dresden, from the 1st till the 4th of October next, under the presidency of the celebrated Hermann. The German Orientalists will also from the present time take part in these meetings; and they hereby respectfully invite their brethren in other lands, particularly the English and French Orientalists, to enhance the importance of this scientific association by their presence or their contributions.”

The Geological Society of France held its annual meeting on the 13th ult. at Chambery. The Bishop of Annecy, was elected President, the Chevalier Agassiz and M. de Sismondi Vice-Presidents, the Canon Chamouset and the Abbé Landriot, Secretaries. On the 14th, the Society visited the cascade of Couz and its environs. The day after, the members proceeded to the mountains of Saint-Jean d'Arvey et des Déserts. At the sitting in the evening of the 15th, an account of these excursions was given by the Abbé Chamouset, and a learned discussion ensued, in which Messrs. de Sismondi, Michelin, Agassiz, Favre, Chamouset, De Verneuil, Dubois, and Guyot took part. M. Agassiz then presented Mr. Wild's map of the interior glacier of the Aar, and explained his theory respecting glaciers. On the 16th, the members proceeded to the Mont-du-Chat and Pont de la Balmé; passed the night at Yenne, and the following day visited Lucey and Chanaz. On the 17th, they were to hold a sitting at Aix, and return the same evening to Chambery.

Mr. Bonomi, who, as our readers know, accompanied Dr. Lepsius to Egypt, is now on his return to England. A letter from Marseilles, of the 23rd ult., mentions that he arrived there on board the *Erashik*, and was about to proceed with the Egyptian students, sent by the Pasha to complete their education at Paris. The mission includes the *élite* of "Young Egypt"—Huseyn Bey, son of the Viceroy, Ahmed Bey, son of Ibrahim Basha, and the sons of several other Bashas, with about nineteen young men selected from the military schools,—in all thirty-six individuals. "The son of Mohammed Ali," says our correspondent, "is a young man of about eighteen or nineteen, of elegant appearance and intelligent countenance. The son of Ibrahim is about the same age as his uncle, short, with fair complexion, affable manners, and a good deal of naïveté in his conversation. The chief of the expedition, Stefan Effendi, is a man of most prepossessing appearance; there is a modesty and intelligence in his conversation quite remarkable. Among the students, I should distinguish, as the man of highest mark and capacity, a young Turk, Shakur Effendi, destined for the army, but of considerable literary attainments. The Princes and some of the Beys are likely to visit England."

The anniversary of Purcell was celebrated last week in Westminster Abbey, which holds his mortal remains. Purcell's epitaph records that he is "gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded." If this were true in Purcell's day, it is not so now, for it must be confessed that the harmony was sadly inharmonious in various parts of the service. The performance throughout was little better than a sort of annual "practice." The music of Purcell, Tallis, and our old English composers demands the smoothest precision, delicacy, and thorough feeling in its performance, qualities all of which were wholly wanting on the occasion. The solo parts were generally feeble and hesitating, the tenor in the second anthem especially—his voice scarcely audible. Altogether, the result was very unsatisfactory, and disappointing to the crowds who assembled on the occasion.

Our readers are aware that a *heart*, discovered in the month of May last year, in the *Sainte-Chapelle*, in Paris, gave rise to an eager polemical discussion in the newspapers; and that the Minister of Public Works finally applied to the above Academy for its opinion,

whether this could be the heart of Saint-Louis, as one side of the argument affirmed. The Academy appointed a committee to look carefully into the evidence, material and documentary. The committee having brought their labours to a close, report to the Academy that there is no authority whatever for believing the *heart* in question to be that of Saint-Louis, and the Academy will of course report in that sense to the Minister.

Maximilian von Weber, the son of the great composer, now in London, commissioned to transport to Dresden the remains of his illustrious father for interment in that capital, has written home some account of his proceedings here, which have been published in the Continental papers. Introduced by the clergy of the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields—where, as our readers know, the composer was buried—into the chamber where his father died, he was surprised to find that all things have been left there as at the moment when the great artist expired. On the desk at which he wrote, lies an unfinished rondo for the piano, at which he worked on the day before he died. The coffin was opened for the son, in presence of these priests; and the body, though not embalmed, appeared in a state of complete preservation. Herr Weber caused a model of the features to be taken, and casts have been sent to Dresden, in which capital the physicians have announced, from an examination of these, that the death of the great composer, though sudden, must have been calm, and without pain.

It is rumoured in Germany that M. Gade, the young Danish composer, whose *Symphony*, it will be remembered, was so favourably received at Leipzig, may possibly be nominated to the Conductorship of the Gewandhaus Concerts, vacated again by the retirement of M. Hiller. The Directors, it is said, are in distress for an English *castratice*, but, in truth, we have not any to spare. We have seen some numbers of a musical periodical, taking the well-imagined form of a *catalogue raisonné*, published at Leipzig, entitled the *'Musikalisch-Kritisches Repertorium'*, and edited by Herr Hirschbach. We are sorry to see the "more-personal-than-polite" tone of French and English minor musical criticism getting ground in Germany. The doings at Darmstadt, on the occasion of the inauguration of the monument there, have been of great musical interest,—the main musical work performed being the *'Alexander's Feast'* of Handel. Why should this be more popular abroad than in England?

Mr. Baily has just completed for Mr. Need—*a* liberal and tasteful patron of Art, to whose commission, it will be remembered, we owe the *'Eve listening to the Voice'*—a work of poetical sculpture, which makes us regret that Art has not a few more such patrons. The figure represents a female preparing for the bath,—the loosened garments sustained around the person only by the hand, whose withdrawal, it is obvious, would expose the divine forms in their nakedness. We have seen nothing like this figure for many a day. The beauty of form and attitude, the graceful poise without a taint of affectation, and the sentiment of modesty which is the soul of the work, form a model fit to take place beside the miracles of Greek sculpture. We hope Mr. Baily will have the opportunity of exhibiting this statue, in the marble, before it shall be claimed by its fortunate proprietor. It cannot but add largely to his fame; but we hope it most, because we believe that such works must create patrons for sculpture of the highest class, amongst those to whom works of sculpture in any kind are not forbidden things, from their cost. The public, we suppose, will, in any case, see the model. No one, by the way, who visits this artist's studio, should overlook a small sketch in clay, which exhibits the Graces under a new form of presentment. The sisters are grouped together in *sitting* posture; but without any attempt, by this novelty of treatment, to evade the demand upon the sculptor who undertakes to embody the very principles of grace and beauty, for divinity of contour in the entirety of its developement. Not only are the requisitions of the subject met, but a remarkable effect of modelling is besides produced by the interlacing of the limbs.

A singularly bold and beautiful composition is thus attained, towards the expression of a subject which has the singleness and calm of an abstraction—action in repose, variety in unity, richness in simplicity.

The grouping is one of those ingenious and elaborate combinations which, where they give no disturbance to the leading thought and introduce no perplexity into the details, are triumphs of Art. But they are dangerous experiments in inferior hands. For the honour of the Arts, we hope to see this group executed of the life-size, and in marble. Such a work will do more to raise the character of the national Art than a gallery of portrait-figures, or a Golgotha of busts; and we trust that some spirited patron may see the model, and be tempted to endow the times with a work of this reach and significance. A small equestrian model of the Duke of Wellington, in the plain riding-frock and hat of the day, should also attract the visitor's attention, as a proof of what may be done with materials the most simple and unpromising, in master-hands. This sketch is as far removed as possible from ideal sculpture—a mere reality, but one of the most living things that ever rose out of the sculptor's clay. The easy seat and natural action of the rider seem rather transferred than imitated, and the form and features convey a striking portrait of the Duke as he now is.

The foundation-stone of the monument, on Pensher Hill, to the memory of the late Lord Durham, was laid, on the 28th ult., by the Earl of Zetland, Grand Master of the Masons of England. The monument is already in so forward a state, that the spectators could form a pretty accurate conception of its completed effect. The description given of it is as follows:—"The form approximates to that of the Temple of Theseus, with a rectangular basis of solid masonry 100 feet long by 54 feet in width. The foundation rests on the solid limestone rock, 20 feet below the surface of the soil, and the base rises 10 feet above the platform of the hill. At the sides of this rectangle stand 18 lofty open equi-distant columns, 30 feet in height, and 6½ feet in diameter, supporting at each end a magnificent pediment, and at each side a deep entablature, which will serve as a promenade when the building is complete. The promenade will be reached by spiral stairs, to be formed within one of the pillars. From the ground to the upper point of the pediment will be about 70 feet. The structure stands nearly due east and west, and will form a prominent object to travellers on the line of the great North of England railway, between Darlington and Newcastle."

To these notices of Art, at home, we may add the following from abroad. Schwanthaler's colossal equestrian statue of the late Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt was inaugurated, in that capital, on the 25th of last month,—the ceremony being followed by a festival given to the citizens by the reigning Duke, in which six hundred vocal and three hundred-and-fifty instrumental performers executed Handel's *'Alexander's Feast'*. The monumental figure is of bronze, and is raised on a marble column one hundred and eight feet in height.—The Archduchess Maria Louisa of Parma has commissioned the celebrated engraver Toschi to commit to copper, for publication, the many famous frescoes of Correggio existing in Parma, nearly the whole of which are hitherto unpublished.—An interesting discovery has been made by M. Dubau, the architect intrusted with the restorations at the Château of Blois: the removal of a coating of plaster of Paris from the walls of one of the larger apartments has exposed some magnificent mural paintings, which need, it is said, but slight renovation.

At the Jubilee, held on the 30th ult., at the University of Königsberg, at which the King of Prussia was present, the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred on the Chevalier Robert Schomberg, the enterprising traveller, who has lately returned from British Guiana, and is now in London.

The fine old ruin of Carisbrook Castle is not, as was feared, to be cabined and confined by brick and mortar gentilities, Government having acceded to the anxious wishes of the islanders, and consented to purchase the few surrounding acres; the mere rental of which will, it is believed, pay the interest of the purchase-money.

GREAT ATTRACTION.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.
The TWO PICTURES now exhibiting represent the Interior of the Abbey Church of St. Ouen, at Rouen; and an Exterior View of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. Both Pictures are painted by M. Renoux, and exhibit various novel effects of light and shade.—Open from Ten till half-past Five.

CAPTAIN WARNER'S EXPERIMENT having given rise to a general desire for information on the PROPERTIES of the EXPLOSIVE COMPOUNDS, the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, the EXPERIMENTAL, the highly interesting, are continued with perfect safety, illustrative of Dr. BLYTHE'S POPULAR LECTURES on EXPLOSIVE COMPOUNDS, every Afternoon, at half-past Three, and in the Evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at Quarter before Nine o'clock. The varied LECTURES of Professors BACHELOR, BROWN, and BROWN, on HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE, LONGBOTTOM'S PINSYSCOPE, and other original and beautiful Optical Effects, &c. &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

FINE ARTS.

Third Report of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty.

THERE is something anomalous in the appointment of a committee of noblemen and gentlemen to direct and regulate the painting and decoration of the Houses of Parliament. Why should not there be a commission to direct the architect, as well as to superintend the artists? Why should not the locality of the statues, their character, &c., the height of finials, width of buttresses, and other architectural details, be arranged by commissioners for the architect, if the principle of directing analogous details be recognized towards the painters? It might, perhaps, be a little more difficult so to dictate for architecture without betraying incapacity; and the toleration of this state of things, as respects painting, may possibly be owing, in some measure, to the current assumption, which permits every one to profess himself a critic of painting, though he may be ignorant of the simplest fundamental principles of art. We might point, in illustration, to an error, into which we think the Commissioners have fallen, by commissioning *six* several artists to paint *six* pictures on only *three* subjects, to be employed ostensibly in the decoration of one apartment. Religion, Justice, Chivalry are to be illustrated on certain awkward compartments of the House of Lords—*"Panels with pointed heads,"*—not prepared in the first instance to receive paintings, but spaces which have been discovered, as it were unexpectedly, to be available. *"These panels,"* states the Report, *"the architect now thinks might be filled with paintings, and as the windows are proposed to be ornamented with stained glass, he is of opinion that the luminous and unshining surface of fresco would be best adapted."* They are very high from the floor—upwards of twenty-six feet—a circumstance which seems to manifest the absence of that most necessary co-operation between the architect and the Commissioners, possibly unavoidable, but still no less attended with many practical difficulties. It appears that the building has been arranged without much consideration of the interests of painting.

Your Committee cannot but acknowledge that they have experienced some disappointment at finding the extent of surface available for painting in fit situations not so great as they could have hoped. In the best situation, the Victoria Gallery, the panels are only 12 feet by 10, the width of the gallery being 45 feet. As figures would require to be larger than nature to produce a due effect, even from a lesser distance, it follows that a space of 12 feet is not adapted for any extensive composition. In St. Stephen's Hall, the spaces for painting being 15 feet long, and the width of the gallery 30 feet, the objection is less strong; but it may be remarked, that at a distance of 30 feet, the eye can conveniently embrace a painting 20 feet long. The design of St. Stephen's Porch, and the adjacent portions of the building, are not sufficiently matured to enable Mr. Barry to say whether any spaces will be available for painting in those situations."

It may fairly be asked, what other arrangement for decorating the Houses of Parliament can be adopted than the present? We are bound to acknowledge, that with all its obvious disadvantages, we cannot suggest a better. If Mr. Barry were at once an architect and a painter; or, if there were a painter-architect, whose eminence all would acknowledge, as in the days of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo and others among the Italians, and Albert Durer among the Germans, the obviously proper arrangement would be to place all such matters at his entire and absolute control. But under our present circumstances we should be sorry to see the decorations of the Houses carried on without the superintendence of the Commissioners;

and we most freely admit that their proceedings, except in some details, appear to have been conducted with sound judgment. For the appointment of their secretary they are especially to be praised, for indisputably, all things considered, Mr. Eastlake is the fittest person for the office, and his appointment alone inspires us with great confidence. It is certainly not with a disposition to cavil, that we question their recent proceedings in respect of the commissions for cartoons. Though we do not object to their selection of artists, we certainly think that some two or three others were quite as much entitled to receive commissions as the majority of those chosen. But passing this by, we doubt, as we have already intimated, the policy and the conditions of the subjects chosen. The Commissioners declare, "that six arched compartments in the House of Lords shall be decorated with fresco-paintings; that the subjects of such fresco-paintings shall be illustrative of the functions of the House of Lords, and of the relation in which it stands to the Sovereign; that the subject of three of the said fresco-paintings shall be personifications or abstract representations of Religion, Justice, and the Spirit of Chivalry; and that the three remaining subjects corresponding with such representations and expressing the relation of the Sovereign to the Church, to the Law, and, as the fountain of honour, to the State, shall be, The Baptism of Ethelbert; Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V., acknowledging the authority of Chief Justice Gascoigne; and Edward the Black Prince receiving the Order of the Garter from Edward III." In point of fact, it seems to us, that these six subjects are but *three* subjects. How are these "personifications or abstract representations" to be kept distinct from their "corresponding" realities? Is what respect can Mr. M'Clese's fresco be more "abstract" than Mr. Cope's—both using the same physical materials, both depicting men and women under an aspect peculiarly conventional? This division of ideality and reality may do very well for metaphysical discussion, but must be naturally mingled and confused in any bodily and matter-of-fact representation. Then, if we look to the varieties of styles of the artists chosen, it must be apparent that it will be next to a miracle, if there be not an utter absence of that harmonious assimilation, which should be predominant in one apartment. The positive resemblance between the sets of subjects, making the six really three, will tend to make this inharmoniousness the more striking. The choice of subjects and the apportionment of them to the respective artists, we apprehend will be one of the greatest difficulties the Commissioners will have to encounter. A presage of this, is shadowed forth by the correspondence of Mr. Hallam and Lord Mahon, which we shall publish hereafter.

Architectural Nomenclature of the Middle Ages; forming Part IX. of the publications of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society.

Professor Willis is the author of this essay, which aims to furnish some account of the mediæval nomenclature of architecture, and to do this by collecting examples from ancient documents and contemporary authorities, and comparing the nomenclature thus deduced with existing buildings. This practical process of uniting an actual study of the thing itself with its name, it must be obvious is the only correct mode of compiling a glossary of architecture of the Middle Ages: it is, doubtless, a laborious one, but still is practicable, where there exist a will and a good stock of patience. Prof. Willis has here meritoriously begun the work which we hope he or others will continue.

A rich and almost unexplored store of materials for this purpose will be found among our public records, especially those of the Exchequer department: of our own knowledge we can speak of a very extensive series of building accounts relating to the Palace of Westminster, beginning as early as the thirteenth century; others, of later period, referring to Windsor Castle, and a most valuable series extending over several years, giving a weekly account of the works at Hampton Court Palace. Of these latter, indeed, we have already laid a specimen before our readers (see *Athenæum*, No. 762), and more extended specimens have been printed in the appendix to the 'Handbook for Hampton Court.' In glancing over them, we find several architectural terms almost obsolete, which are

not included in Prof. Willis's index. Thus, "bullyns in freston," "hammerbeams," "purloyns," upper and lower "jowl pecys," "vycys," or "vysys," "femerals," "reprises" do not occur in this essay; and we mention them merely for the purpose of inciting the Professor's attention to these very curious documents—not less valuable for the present purpose than the Itinerary of William of Worcester, on which the Professor lays great store. In like manner, as he was able to identify William of Worcester's plans and nomenclature with the existing doorways of St. Stephen's and St. Mary's Redcliff, Bristol, so he might place himself in the hall and parts of the old Tudor palace of Hampton Court and identify each individual portion, as described by Henry the Eighth's clerk of the works. But besides these documents, there are a multitude of Records of other works executed in castles, churches, and buildings which happened at the time to be in the possession of the Crown.

The most interesting (but we fear not the most correct) part of this essay, is the identification of two lists of technical words, and a plan, with the buildings to which they are stated to refer. The Professor has given one of these and the plan in fac-simile from the note-book of William of Worcester, or Botoner, an antiquary, born in Bristol, in 1415, who "employed himself in travelling all over England, and in recording a variety of particulars relating to the churches, monasteries, and other objects of topographical interest." The manuscript exists in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and was published by Nasmith in 1778, under the title of 'The Itinerary of William of Worcester.' The lists above alluded to belong one to the south door of St. Stephen's Church, at Bristol, and the other to the west door of St. Mary Redcliff, and describe the moldings of the doors. Accompanying the list belonging to St. Stephen's Church, is an original drawing in charcoal, representing the plan or horizontal section of the doorway, which Nasmith has omitted. This drawing is described as being, "of its kind, unique; for although several mediæval sketches and working drawings of buildings have come down to us,—as, for example, of the tomb of Henry VI., the tower of King's College, and the funeral ceremonies of Abbot Islip, and various specimens published in Germany, by Moller—yet none of them contain an express profile of the moldings, their object being to display the general effect of the composition, whereas the moldings belong strictly to the class of working drawings." Professor Willis, in giving the fac-simile of this drawing, says, "Upon taking this to Bristol, I find it agrees perfectly with the moldings of the south porch of the church in question." The Professor seems to have been rather puzzled, as well he might be, at this discovery; because, according to his reading of Worcester's MS., these moldings should be on the "north" side. We have only the Professor's fac-simile before us, but *that*, we should say, certainly seems to read thus, "Thys is the jame-mould of the porche dore yn the southsyde of the Chyrch of Seynt Stevyn," and not, as it is given, "Thys is the same mould of the porche dore yn the northsyde." The fac-simile is before every one: to our eyes the fourth word is one word, "jame-mould," not two words, "same mould"; the first letter, judging from the fac-simile only, is surely not an *s* but a *j*; besides which, what is the plan itself but that of the jamb of a porch or doorway? Then, the word read "north" is clearly "south," with an ill-made *s* at the beginning. Upon this reading of "same" for "jame," and "north" for "south," the Professor builds up two hypotheses: first, that the word "same" has reference to a preceding enumeration of moldings, attributed to the north portico, in unmistakeable terms—"porticus borealis;" and secondly, that the north porch has been removed to the south side. It should be remarked, however, in justice to Professor Willis, that the list of names of moldings which stand above the plan seems exactly corresponding with *one half* of the plan—but only one half. Now, if the word "jame" is to be read "same," and "same" is to be applied to the preceding list—to use Mr. Willis's words, "that is to say, the drawing of the same mold or series of moldings which have been above enumerated"—how does it happen that the other half of the plan differs from the said enumeration of the moldings altogether? and that, in fact, it is *not* the drawing of the same mold,

&c.? Some other conjectures are brought forward in support of this theory, upon which, in ignorance of the actual state of the building, we pronounce no opinion. Indeed, what we have said already is little more than a surmise resting upon the secondary evidence brought forward by one who has examined the original documents and the buildings also. But we have thought it not unprofitable to enter into this verbal criticism, because, whilst admitting the paramount necessity of examining original sources for information, and giving the fullest praise to Professor Willis for setting the good example, we deem it of no less importance that the original documents should be rightly interpreted, or we shall flounder in misconceptions, and be overwhelmed with hypotheses to support them.

The suspicions excited in the present case make us doubtful whether the fac-simile of the list of moldings of Redcliff Church is rendered quite accurately, and whether it is read at all rightly: but not having the original before us, we will not hazard conjectures.

Professor Willis complains—and, doubtless, with too much justice—of the difficulties in identifying ancient descriptions with the buildings as they now exist, in consequence of the ruthless and ignorant way in which restoration and a process called "skinning" are performed. He gives too very useful plans of the moldings of Redcliff Church, first as they now appear after "skinning," and then according to the old account of them. "This severe discipline," he says, "was extensively practised during the restorations that took place under the direction of Mr. Wyatt; as, for example, at Durham Cathedral, the whole exterior of which was skinned under his instructions. This process of restoration consists of scraping or chipping off the decayed surface of the stone, so as to get down to the sound part. If there be broken foliage in a hollow molding, as is often the case, this is scraped clean out. Small bowels and ridges which are apt to be very rough and weather-worn are likewise destroyed, leaving a clear plain surface instead; and in this way all the delicate and expensive details are destroyed, and a bare and clumsy block remains."

It is a curious fact, that the nomenclature thus handed down to us by an English antiquary of the fifteenth century, with one exception, was equally applied to the classical moldings when they first came into use, and remained for a long time used by artificers. "It resolves," says Professor Willis, "a series of mediæval moldings into precisely the same elementary forms or constituent parts as those into which the classical moldings are divided, for the words *bowl*, *fillet*, *ressent*, and *casement*, apply themselves as well to the latter as the former. It may seem strange, then, that the workmen, after the revival or 'renaissance' of the classical style, should ever have abandoned these old names, since they had only to deal with new combinations of familiar elements. But as the names have been superseded, it will at least be supposed that they have been exchanged for the classical terms. This is by no means the case; and the history of the present nomenclature is so curious an example of its kind, that I shall trace it at some length. The revival of classical architecture, which began in Italy simultaneously with the introduction of printing, and from thence spread in order into France, Holland, Germany, and England, was mainly assisted by the publication of Vitruvius and his commentators, and by translations of this author, as well as by various original treatises on the subject, which were also translated and widely circulated in all these countries, as may easily be shown from the great number of editions of these works, in all languages, which have come down to us. The nomenclature of moldings that may be picked out of Vitruvius is by no means complete or generally intelligible; and, indeed, for this apparent reason, Alberti, the first original modern writer on this subject, invented a new one, which was never adopted. For the other Italian and French writers, themselves practical men, and writing for practical men, naturally made use of their own mediæval words, applying them to the classical moldings. And the translators of Vitruvius, and of these other writers, either adopt the terms they find in their author, or else they translate them. By these processes a quantity of synonyms have found their way into this country and others. For example, Vitruvius, and the standard Italian authors, were introduced into our own language partly through Dutch and partly

through French translations, and therefore it may be expected that a nomenclature so formed will prove somewhat impure upon examination. The fact is, that we at present employ a medley of Vitruvian and Italian terms, mixed up with Dutch and French translations of the latter; the Vitruvian words have been, for the most part, left untranslated. We have done little more than exchange our own mediæval nomenclature for the mediæval nomenclature of Italy."

Professor Willis continues an examination in detail, into which we shall not follow him, but content ourselves with directing the reader to it in the essay itself.

LONDON ART-UNION.

Now that the Art-Unions are legalized, it becomes more important than ever to guard them against those abuses to which the system so readily lends itself. They are, professedly, instituted for the encouragement of Art; and if there be, as we assert, an evident tendency to pervert them into mere lottery speculations, this tendency should be scrupulously guarded against by the Council. There is no denying the fact, that a large proportion of the subscribers purchase shares, not from a love of Art, not for the purpose of gaining a picture, but the money, or as nearly as possible, the money's worth of the prize; and who, on becoming prize-holders, take the more obvious means of securing the object. One instance has occurred at the recent distribution; the particulars of which, so far as they have come to our knowledge, we do not hesitate to make public—a sense of duty outweighs all other considerations in our doing so; moreover, we have the consent of the artists named, to give the statement on their authority.

On an early day after the drawing, Mr. Leahy, the artist of the large picture on the subject of Lady Jane Grey, was visited by two gentlemen, one of whom acted as spokesman, and the other remained almost mute, on behalf of a Mr. Saunders, of Burton-upon-Trent, who had obtained a prize of 200l. in the London Art-Union. The speaker on this occasion candidly confessed that his friend did not want a picture, but money; and accordingly proceeded to make an offer of 25l., for the nominal purchase of the 'Lady Jane Grey,' on condition of his receiving the remaining 175l. in money. In reply, Mr. Leahy stated, that the arrangement was impossible, as the price of the picture alluded to was 400l.; but, even if it were not so, he should decline the proposition. They then took their leave. Soon after, his neighbour, Mr. Hollins, sent over to Mr. Leahy, with a request that he would come to him, and be present at a conversation between him and two applicants for one of his pictures. On entering the room, Mr. Leahy recognized the same gentlemen, and heard them make a similar offer to Mr. Hollins, increasing the bonus, however, to 50l.; which Mr. Hollins altogether refused, saying, that his character was worth more than 50l., and that artists were to be treated as gentlemen, and ought not to be subject to such applications. After receiving some further admonitions from both artists, on the impropriety of their conduct, the strangers departed. Mr. Leahy and Mr. Hollins having heard that the same parties had been to other artists on a similar errand, gave notice of the facts to the officers of the Art-Union. The result remains to be known—meanwhile, for the satisfaction of our own minds, we called last Wednesday at the office of the London Art-Union, and were there informed, that Mr. Saunders, the holder of the prize of 200l., had purchased a picture by Mr. Lance, called 'The Grandmother.'

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Aug. 19.—M. Arago gave a summary of a work, by Don José Garay, on the means of connecting the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. The author is of opinion that it would be much better to form the communication by the Rio Coatzacoalcos than to execute the project of a connection either by Panama or Nicaragua; the canal of 20 leagues proposed by Don José would, he says, cost only 60 millions of francs, and would be naviga-

ble by frigates.—A paper by M. Christofle on the danger to be apprehended from the galvanic process in the depreciation of coins, was read. If, says the author, this process is of immense service in the application of one metal to another, it may be employed to the injury of the public, for a piece of gold or silver placed at the negative pole is reduced without any apparent change. He announces that he places at the disposal of the Academy the sum of 2000fr. as a prize to the author of the best project for preventing the application of electricity to such a purpose.—M. Arago this day answered the appeal made to him at the former meeting [see *ante*, p. 798], and stated, that the predictions which M. Gravier had made to him, frequently in the morning, after having observed the direction of the falling stars during the preceding night, were exceedingly vague, and could be interpreted in various ways. M. Arago added, that it was impossible to turn such observations to any useful end.—M. Dumas made a report on some experiments made by M. Boussingault, relative to the feeding of cows with beetroot and potatoes. M. Boussingault states that two cows which were fed exclusively on beetroot fell off in flesh in seventeen days nearly one-sixth, and their milk diminished from eight to nine litres per day to five litres. They were then turned into pasture, and soon resumed their former weight, and gave the former quantity of milk. They were next fed exclusively on potatoes, when they fell still more in flesh than they had done with beetroot, and the milk was reduced to two litres each per day. On being placed on a mixed food of hay, chopped straw, beetroot, and potatoes, they again recovered their flesh, and gave the former quantity of milk. The conclusions of this gentleman are, that beetroot and potatoes do not perform the part usually imputed to them of fattening cattle, or increasing the quantity of the milk of cows. His experiments show that this is the case, when this food is given to the exclusion of all other.—Aug. 26.—A description of a river-lock, the invention of M. Sartoris, was received from M. Mary, the engineer-in-chief of the Ponts-et-Chaussées.—The unfavourable state of the weather during the early part of this month prevented any observations being made in Paris on the periodical showers of shooting stars, but the Academy has received accounts from various parts of Belgium, which were read this day.—M. Arago informed the Academy that M. Tiessen has succeeded in executing photographic portraits without any of the imperfections which have hitherto attended daguerreotype productions. Several of the portraits taken by M. Tiessen were laid before the Academy.—A paper was received from M. Dujardin, of Lille, on the different proportions of magnetic power to be imparted to iron, according to the mode of preparing that metal.

Photography.—Permit me, through the columns of the *Athenæum*, to make known to the admirers of the Photogenic art a most brilliant improvement in the Energotype process of Mr. Hunt. It is as follows:—Having prepared the paper according to his directions, and submitted it to the action of the sun's rays in the camera, it must be removed and dexterously immersed into a vessel containing a spirituous solution of the essential oils of cassia and cloves; and as soon as the spirit has permeated the texture of the paper, which will be in the space of a few moments, it must be taken out, and, with the quickness of thought, laid flat on a piece of plate glass, and kept pressed in that position by means of blotting paper saturated with the same solution for an hour or two. The result is, as doubtless you will have anticipated, a picture beautifully delineated, with brilliant metallic lines of silver, for wherever the nitrate remains unacted upon by the light and other reagents made use of, the oils (as in the new process lately published in your periodical for the manufacture of mirrors, and which, by the way, suggested the present application,) throw down the silver in the metallic state. Not having time to carry out the thing myself to any extent, I beg leave to present it to the public.—And remain, &c. J. D.

Interesting Relic.—We find the following in the papers:—A gentleman residing at Woolwich has recently become possessed of the rough draft of Bonaparte's celebrated letter to the Prince Regent on his surrender to the English in 1815. In this manuscript there are two or three verbal alterations. In the sentence, "M'assoir sur la cendre Britannique," the words, "la cendre" are erased, and "le foyer" substituted; and in the last sentence, "the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies," the words, "the most constant" are interlined, being probably an afterthought of the Emperor's. In a note appended to it, General Gour-

gaud states that it is the "rough draught of the letter which the Emperor sent me to carry from the Isle of Aix to the Prince Regent of England, on the 14th of July, 1815."

Cave.—The *Westmoreland Gazette* gives a description of a cave recently discovered by Mr. John Ruthven. The cave is situated to the south of Arnside Knot, looking upon Morecombe Bay. After effecting an egress in a crouching position, the explorer comes, in the space of a yard or two, to a strait, where the only mode of progression is literally that prescribed to the serpent after the fall of man, the intruder having to insert himself in a tortuous fashion through an aperture just capable of receiving a person of ordinary size, but not without close contact with the rock. The cave is completely dark, and just after this point a sudden and perpendicular descent occurs of some six or eight feet, which being effected, the explorer is landed, safely or otherwise, as the case may be, in a species of long narrow gallery, of considerable, but varying height, the floor of which is covered with *debris*, which promise a rich harvest to the geologist and naturalist. A number of bones, some of which are pronounced to be those of the hyena, the wolf, and other animals extinct in this country, have been discovered here, and been forwarded for the inspection of distinguished zoologists. At the extremity of this gallery or lobby, the explorer, after another wriggling process, is ushered into the penetralia of the cave, a natural chamber of irregular formation, the roof of which is completely overhung with stalactites, while the floor and sides are incrusted with the same formation. The cell certainly forms a remarkable natural curiosity, and the probability is that a little labour in removing the stones, &c., would carry the spectator considerably further into the bowels of the land. The length of the entire cavern is some 60 feet. Mr. Wilson has secured the entrance with an iron gate, in order to prevent the mischief which in some instances has resulted to the natural curiosities of the cavern from the desire of parties to carry away mementoes of their excursion.

A French review, the *Almanach du Mois* gives, in its last number, an anecdote relating to Lord Brougham, which is amusing enough—though we question its authenticity. It is not at all impossible that the mistake which it records may have been made—and even made by Lord Brougham; but that his lordship sat down to the express and formal act of writing a *treatise*, based on an assumption which was an error, and an error so easily corrected, may be doubted, without any very large faith in his gravity or deliberation. There is, in fact, in his lordship's rapidity of mental evolution, enough to give point to an anecdote like this, when related of him, even while we do not accept its literal truth. "Some years ago," says the *Almanach*, "the noble lord wrote a treatise to prove that the Emperor Alexander had always shown himself, by his conduct, a true pupil of La Harpe. It is generally known that the Emperor Alexander had for his preceptor General La Harpe; but Lord Brougham, fancying it to be La Harpe the author, discovered a variety of curious resemblances between the pupil and his supposed master. When finished, the noble writer sent a copy of his work to M. Arago, requesting to have his opinion of it. 'The book is charming,' replied M. Arago, 'unfortunately, however, it has one error—the tutor of the Emperor Alexander was not La Harpe the writer, but La Harpe the general. With that exception, I repeat, the treatise is excellent.'"

A new Motive Power.—The Paris papers mention that a first trial of M. Andrau's new locomotive power, by means of compressed air, was made, on Monday, on the Versailles railroad (left bank), in the presence of Messrs. Bineau and Baude, Commissioners appointed by the Government, of the engineers of the railroad, and a great number of spectators. Although the locomotive was charged upon the low pressure system, because there was not a sufficient power to compress the air to a greater extent, the experiment perfectly succeeded. In expending two or three atmospheres, the locomotive ran a quarter of a league with great rapidity and regularity. The trial is to be repeated in the course of the next month.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—L. B.—H. W. Scribler—received.

